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The
Progressive Music
Series

Book Three

*Silver, Burdett
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THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

FOR BASAL USE
IN PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, AND GRAMMAR GRADES

BY

HORATIO PARKER

Dean of the Department of Music, Yale University

OSBOURNE McCONATHY

Director of the Department of School Music, Northwestern University

EDWARD BAILEY BIRGE

Director of Music, Public Schools, Indianapolis, Indiana

W. OTTO MIESSNER

Director of the Department of Music, State Normal School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

BOOK THREE



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THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

BOOK ONE, 144 pages, for second and third grades
BOOK TWO, 176 pages, for fourth and fifth grades
BOOK THREE, 208 pages, for sixth and seventh grades
BOOK FOUR, 224 pages, for eighth grade
PRIMARY SONG BOOK FOR SIGHT READING

TEACHER'S MANUALS

VOLUME I, for first, second and third grades, with accompaniments for Book One and Primary Song Book, additional Rote Songs, Folk Dances and Singing Games
VOLUME II, for fourth and fifth grades, with accompaniments for Book Two
VOLUME III, for sixth and seventh grades, with accompaniments for Book Three

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PREFACE

THE Progressive Music Series, in material and plan, aims to realize the ideals of leading authorities in music and pedagogy.

The music material comprises the best that could be found in the libraries of America and Europe, together with a large number of original songs, written by many of the foremost living composers, whose interest and coöperation were secured through personal interviews; and characteristic folk songs obtained from sources hitherto unavailable. All the music material has been subjected to careful critical study both in regard to its musical worth and to its adaptability to school use. Equal care has been exercised in the selection of the words of the songs.

Three periods of development in the child's school life are recognized by present-day educators: the sensory period, the associative period, and the adolescent period. Book Three is designed to cover the work of the latter part of the associative period of the child's development, that is, the work of the sixth and seventh school years. This period is essentially the time for drill and the time for developing sight reading power. Basing the music study on the tonal and rhythmic concepts gained in the sensory period, the fundamental musical problems are presented in a logical sequence for formal drill. In developing these problems four steps are involved: (1) A review of a familiar song which embodies the problem. (2) A clear statement of the problem to the pupils. (3) Thorough drill on the problem, isolated from the context. (4) Application of the known problem in reading new songs in which it occurs. The chapters of Book Three form, with Book Two, a consecutive series of lessons which, beginning with the simplest tonal and rhythmic relations, progress to the study of all the musical problems essential for the mastery of music suitable for school use.

Book Three is in four parts. Part One is for the first half of grade six, Part Two for the second half of grade six, and Part Three for the first half of grade seven. Part Four contains patriotic and devotional songs for general use in both grades. Communities differ as to the time of the appearance of the changing voices of boys. In most places this evidence of adolescence is sufficiently marked to demand consideration early in the eighth grade, occasionally in the latter half of the eighth grade, and sometimes it is noticeable in the seventh grade. To meet these variable conditions Book Three is so planned that, while ordinarily it will serve as the textbook through grade six and the first half of grade seven, it may be condensed into an outline of one year, or, because of the large amount of material, it may serve for two full years.

Piano parts for most of the songs of Book Three will be found in the Teacher's Manual, Volume III, which gives explicit directions for conducting the music work in the grades for which Book Three is designed. It also provides optional outlines to meet the conditions cited above.

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THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

BOOK THREE

PART ONE

Chapter I: Melodies Reviewing Topics of Book Two

The Pearl

M. Louise Baum
From the French

Franz Joseph Haydn



1. On a rose leaf fresh and fra - grant, Lay a
2. So the dew - drop reached the o - cean, 'Neath the



shi - ning drop of dew; Came a bird and bent the
blue to toss and whirl; Then white pris - on walls en -



rose-bush, Swayed and swung there just to woo, Till the
fold it, All its rain - bow col - ors furl, Till at



drop fell in the brooklet, Seek - ing aye the boundless blue.
last the shell falls o - pen With its pure and shi - ning pearl.

To the River

Susan Jewett

Ludwig van Beethoven

Gen-tle riv-er, gen-tle riv-er, Tell us whith-er do you
glide Thro' the green and sun-ny meadows, With your sweetly murm'ring
tide? You for ma-ny a mile must wander, Ma-ny a love-ly prospect
see; Gen-tle riv-er, gen-tle riv-er, Oh, how hap-py you must be!

Past Three O'clock

James Fortescue

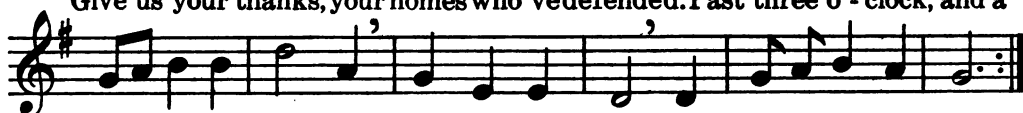
English Folk Song

Past three o'-clock, and a cold, frosty morning: Past three o'-clock, good
morrow masters all.

1. While in your beds you're peace-ful-ly sleep-ing,
2. We go the round, you rest at your lei-sure;
3. When morning breaks, and slum-ber is end-ed,



Un-der the stars our watch we are keeping. Past three o'-clock, and a
Safe is your house and safe is your treasure. Past three o'-clock, and a
Give us your thanks, your homes who've defended. Past three o'-clock, and a



cold, fros-ty morn-ing: Past three o'-clock, good morrow masters all.

Swallow, Swallow

Alice E. Sollitt
From the French
Andante

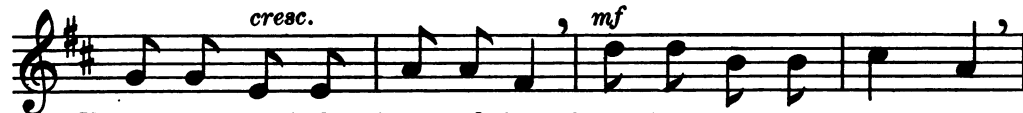
Franz Joseph Haydn



1. Swal-low, swal-low, far a - way, To the South-land wing - ing;
2. Swal-low, swal-low, fare thee well, Till some bright to - mor - row,



Gray the sky and drear the day, Wild the North Wind's sing - ing.
When the spring, o'er field and fell, Ban - ish - es our sor - row.



Haste thee, friend, fly fast and far, Flee - ing win-ter's sad - ness;
Haste thee, then, wher-e'er thou art, Spring's sweet promise sing - ing;



Haste thee, friend, fly fast and far, Seeking sum-mer's glad - ness.
Haste thee, then, wher-e'er thou art, Summer's glad-ness bring - ing.

Autumn Holiday

Abbie Farwell Brown

Welsh Melody



1. Come, my comrades, hear the cho-rus, Fa la la la la la la la la;
2. Come, my comrades, taste your lei-sure, Fa la la la la la la la la;
3. Up a - long the coun-try highways, Fa la la la la la la la la;
4. Care and woe we leave be - hind us, Fa la la la la la la la la,



Hap - py hours are spread be-fore us, Fa la la la la la la la la.
 Lo, this day was made for pleasure, Fa la la la la la la la la.
 Down the lit - tle lanes and by-ways, Fa la la la la la la la la;
 As the mer-ry strains re - mind us, Fa la la la la la la la la.



Come and trip it in the meadows, Fa la la la la la la la la,
 Trees are glow-ing, fields are gol-den, Fa la la la la la la la la;
 O - ver hill and in - to val - ley, Fa la la la la la la la la,
 Come, my comrades, sing the cho-rus, Fa la la la la la la la la,



Ere the evening spreads her shadows, Fa la la la la la la la la.
 Sing the song of a - ges ol - den, Fa la la la la la la la la.
 Here we race and there we dal - ly, Fa la la la la la la la la.
 Ma - ny hearts have sung be-fore us, Fa la la la la la la la la.

Where Go the Winds

Martha Hanley

Adolf Weidig
Composed for this Series



- | | | |
|-----------------------------|-----|--------------------------|
| 1. Where did the north wind | go? | Where did the north wind |
| 2. Where did the east wind | go? | Where did the east wind |
| 3. Where did the south wind | go? | Where did the south wind |
| 4. Where did the west wind | go? | Where did the west wind |



go? — A - way and far a - way	To toss the kites at play;
go? — In haste to dash the rain	A - gainst the win-dow-pane;
go? — It sof - tly, gen - tly sped	To kiss the ro - ses red;
go? — To gen - tly rock the nest	Of lit - tle birds at rest;



That's where it went, O - ho!	That's where it went, O - ho! O -
That's where it went, O - ho!	That's where it went, O - ho! O -
That's where it went, O - ho!	That's where it went, O - ho! O -
That's where it went, O - ho!	That's where it went, O - ho! O -

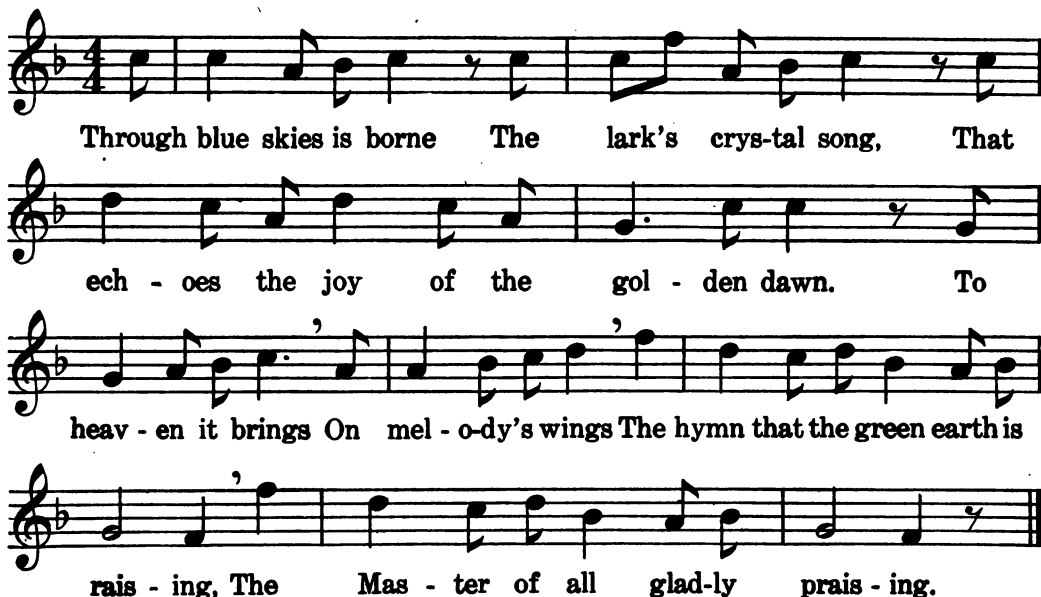


ho, yeo-ho! O - ho, yeo-ho! That's where it went,	O - ho! —
ho, yeo-ho! O - ho, yeo-ho! That's where it went,	O - ho! —
ho, yeo-ho! O - ho, yeo-ho! That's where it went,	O - ho! —
ho, yeo-ho! O - ho, yeo-ho! That's where it went,	O - ho! —

The Song of the Lark

Frederick H. Martens
From the German

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

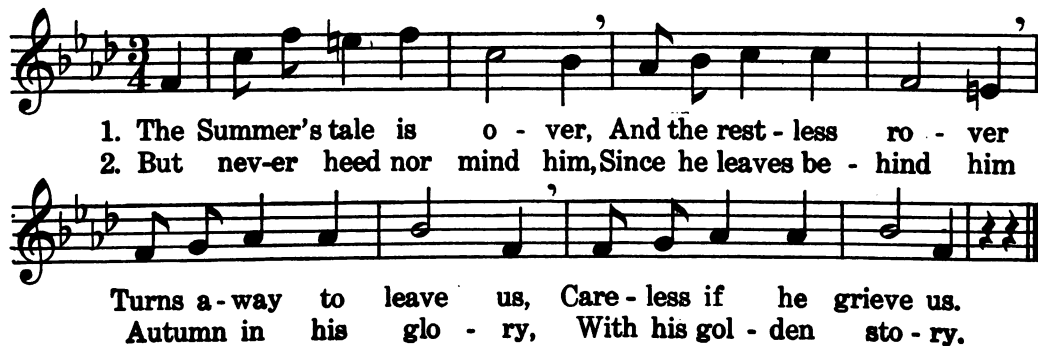


Through blue skies is borne The lark's crys-tal song, That
 ech - oes the joy of the gol - den dawn. To
 heav - en it brings On mel - o-dy's wings The hymn that the green earth is
 rais - ing, The Mas - ter of all glad-ly prais - ing.

Welcome to Autumn

Pauline Frances Camp

Peter I. Tschaikowsky



1. The Summer's tale is o - ver, And the rest - less ro - ver
 2. But nev-er heed nor mind him, Since he leaves be - hind him
 Turns a-way to leave us, Care - less if he grieve us.
 Autumn in his glo - ry, With his gol - den sto - ry.

The River Path

John Greenleaf Whittier

George W. Chadwick
Composed for this Series

Andante lento

No bird song float down the hill, The tangled
dusk of twilight round us grew, We felt the
bank be - low was still; No rustle from the
fall - ing of the dew; For, from us, ere the
birch-en stem, No rip - ple from the wa - ter's hem. The
day was done, The wooded hills shut out the sun. But
cresc. on the riv - er's farther side We saw the hill-tops glo - ri - fied. *dim.*

Seesaw

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round

I Now I go up on the see-saw, heigh - ho! *II* When I come
down a - gain, up you will go. *III* See - saw! See - saw!

Distant Sweden

Louise M. Bray
From the Swedish

Swedish Folk Song

mf

O Swe - den, far - off home - land, so peace - ful and bright, My
I see thy snowcapp'd mountains a - glow in the light; A -

mf

eyes toward thy shores are ev - er turn - ing.
cross boundless seas for thee I'm yearn - ing. Once more the flocks I

p *mf*

lead un-to pastures on the hills, Through si - lent leaf-y for - ests where

leap the foaming rills; Once more smile thy peaceful skies a - bove me.

Daffydowndilly

Mary Wilder Pease

Margaret Ruthven Lang
Composed for this Series

Slowly mp

1. Your pret - ty gown of yel - low hue, Dear lit - tle
2. Why did you leave your win - ter furs? You knew the

gar - den fair - y, I'm sure is much too
winds were chil - ly. May Pus - sy Wil - low



thin for you, It's made so light and air - y.
lend you hers, Dear lit - tle Daffy-down - dil - ly?

The Meadow

Minnie Leona Upton

Howard Brockway
Composed for this Series



Oh, mer-ry is the meadow in the sun-ny summer's prime; The
hap-py are the children in the meadow fair at play, With



dear - y, cheer-y days — When Moth-er Na - ture plays, And the
but - ter-cups all bright, — And dais-ies left and right; Bees and



lit - tle brooks are sing - ing, with the breez - es keep - ing
but - ter-flies and



time! —

Oh,
bob - o - links, a -



bove the flowers gay, A - bove the flow-ers gay! —

Cold the Blast May Blow

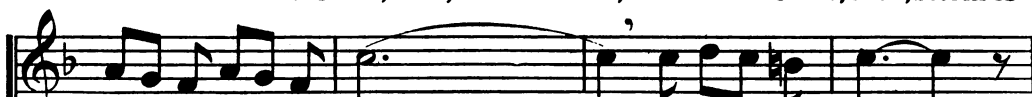
Lowell Mason



- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Cold the blast may blow, | Heap-ing high the snow; |
| 2. Bos - oms firm and bold | Fear not storms nor cold, |
| 3. When in school we meet, | Looks of wel - come greet, |
| 4. Come, then, rain or hail, | Come, then, storm or gale, |



- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Cold the blast may blow, | Heap-ing high the |
| 2. Bos - oms firm and bold | Fear not storms nor |
| 3. When in school we meet, | Looks of wel - come |
| 4. Come, then, rain or hail, | Come, then, storm or |



Winds may loud - ly roar,	_____	may loud - ly roar; _____
Fear not ice nor snow,	_____	not ice nor snow. _____
Sent from smi - ling eyes,	_____	from smi - ling eyes. _____
Glad to school we'll go,	_____	, to school we'll go. _____

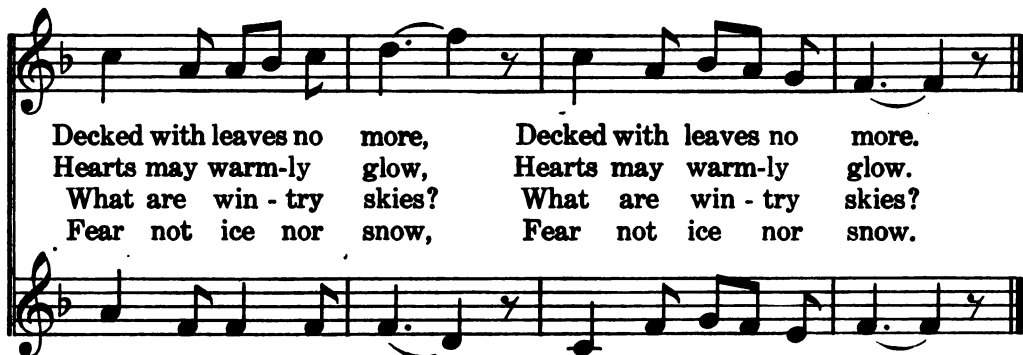


snow;	Winds may loud - ly roar,	may loud - ly roar; _____
cold,	Fear not ice nor snow,	not ice nor snow. _____
greet,	Sent from smi - ling eyes,	from smi - ling eyes. _____
gale,	Glad to school we'll go,	to school we'll go. _____



Trees all brown and bare _____	Sad may wave in air, _____
Fierce - ly though the gale _____	Drift the snow and hail, _____
When our teach - ers dear _____	Give us words of cheer, _____
Bos - oms firm and bold _____	Shrink not from the cold, _____





Decked with leaves no more, Decked with leaves no more.
 Hearts may warm-ly glow, Hearts may warm-ly glow.
 What are win - try skies? What are win - try skies?
 Fear not ice nor snow, Fear not ice nor snow.

Milking Time

Margaret Aliona Dole
From the Norwegian

Norwegian Folk Song



1. The cows are way down in the pasture; The bells are tinkling sweet and low, As
2. Oh, here come the bright rosy milkmaids! They place their stools and hold the pails, While



o-ver the meadow they wander, While graz - ing on the clo - ver. Then
 mer-ri-ly there in the gloaming The warm white milk is foam - ing. Then



moo - ing and chewing, The shadows they follow Up hill and down hollow, And
 Pol - ly and Mol - ly With Annie and Mary Re - turn to the dai - ry, All



pa - tien - tly yon - der They wait to - geth - er For milk - ing time.
 hap - py and jol - ly, To make fresh but - ter From yel - low cream!

The Owl

Laurence Alma-Tadema

Granville Bantock
Composed for this Series



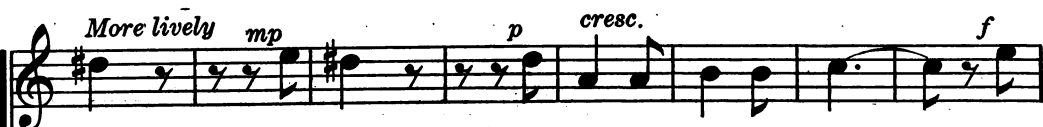
1. When all the chil-dren lie a - sleep And
2. Her wings are qui - et, eyes are keen, She
3. But when the dawn be - gins to break, And



vil - lage lamps are out, _____. The owl from out the
needs no star - ry light; _____. To her each tim - id
glimm'ring hour is chill, _____. She wings her way a -



barn will creep To roam the world a - bout. _____. Tu -
thing is seen That nib - bles in the night. _____. Tu -
cross the lake Or hoots up - on the hill. _____. Tu -



whit,	Tu - whit,	To roam the world a - bout; ____	Tu -
whit,	Tu - whit,	That nib-bles in the night; ____	Tu -
whit,	Tu - whit,	Or hoots up - on the hill; ____	Tu -



Tu-whoo!

Tu-whoo!

whit, whit, whit, Tu - whit, To roam the world a - bout. _____
 whit, whit, whit, Tu - whit, That nib-bles in the night. _____
 whit, whit, whit, Tu - whit, Or hoots up - on the hill. _____

Tu-whoo! Tu-whoo!

Tu-whit, Tu - whoo! Tu-whit, Tu - whoo!

The Race

May Morgan

A. Danhauser

1. Life is like a stream For - ev - er onward flowing; Whether we will or no,
 2. Training ev-'ry day In bright or stormy weather, All cheery, blithe, and gay,
 Down that stream we're going. Strong and steady hearts We're needing for the
 On we row to - geth - er. Speeding down the years Like birds on lightest
 row - ing; We must win, so now be - gin The stroke to learn.
 feath-er; Paus-ing none, the race is won, And rest we earn.

Shepherds on the Hills

Nathan Haskell Dole
From the Norwegian

Th. Madsen

1. Shep-herds on the hills Are wait - ing for the
2. Grass is grow - ing sere Up - on the moun - tain

1. Shep-herds on the hills Are
2. Grass is grow - ing sere Up -

day,
side; The hap - py, hap - py day to come When
The for - est trees in sun - set rays With

wait - ing for the hap - py day, day to come
on the dis - tant moun - tain side; sun - set rays,

they may bring their lambkins home, No more, no more to roam Up -
fires of gol - den glo - ry blaze, And fall - en with - ered leaves Are

When they'll bring their lambkins home,
Fires of gol - den glo - ry blaze. Nev - er - more to
Fall - en, with - ered

on the win-dy heights. Al - rea - dy birds be - gin to make Their
 scat-ter'd ev-'ry - where. The autumn nights are growing cold; A

roam on win - dy heights. Al - rea - dy birds be - gin to make Their
 leaves are ev - 'ry - where. The autumn nights are growing cold, A

southern flights, their southern flights; Be - gin to make their south - ern
 tang of frost is in the air, A tang of frost is in the

southern flights, their flights; Be - gin to make their southern
 tang of frost, of frost, A tang of frost is in the

flights. The flocks and herds, the flocks and herds, Look down with ea - ger, long - ing
 air. With - in the fold, the shelt'ring fold, The mountain men col - lect the

flights. The flocks and herds, With long - ing
 air, With - in the fold, Col - lect the

eyes, Where now the win - ter home al - lur - ing lies.
 sheep And thro' the dreamy night hours ligh - tly sleep.

eyes, Look where the win - ter home, their home al - lur - ing lies.
 sheep, And thro' the dreamy night hours ligh - tly, ligh - tly sleep.

Chapter II: Melodies in the Melodic Minor Scale

The Little Red Owl

May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

1. A lit-tle red owl in the old ap-ple tree,
2. While there he sits doz-ing and dream-ing by day,

A
While

Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! Is drowsi-ly winking and
Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! The other birdsshun him and
lit-tle red owl in the old ap-ple tree, Too-who! Too-who! Too-who!
there he sits doz-ing and dreaming by day, Too-who! Too-who! Too-who!

blinking at me. Right at him I'm star-ing, But he is not
has-ten a-way; They know he'll go roaming For food in the
whoo! Too-who!



car-ing; He's eith - er a-sleep, or pre - ten-ding to be, Too -
 gloaming, And woe to the bird or the mouse in his way, Too -
 Too - whoo! Too - whoo! Too - whoo! Too - whoo! { He's
 And
 whoo!
 eith - er a - sleep, or pre - ten - ding to be.
 woe to the bird or the mouse in his way!

Cinderella

Alice E. Sollitt
From the French

French Folk Song



1. Sad am I, sad and shy, Far a - way from friendly eye; Night and
 2. Yet it seems, in my dreams Fair - y light around me gleams; And I
 - day, here I stay In my corner hid a - way. Here sit I in dust and
 hear in my ear: "Cin - der - el - la, have no fear. Kitchen days will soon be
 ashes, Here sit I in rags and tears! Hence they claim, to my shame, Cin - der -
 o - ver; I have joy in store for thee. Fair - y friend grief will end, And a
 el - la is my name; Hence they claim, to my shame, Cinder - el - la is my name.
 prince to you will send; Fair - y friend grief will end, And a prince to you will send."

The Maypole

Traditional

English Folk Song



1. Come, ye young men, haste a - long — With your mu - sic,
 2. 'Tis the choic time of the year, — For the vio - lets
 3. When you thus have spent your time, — And the day is



dance, and song; Bring your las - sies in your hands,
 now ap - pear; Now the rose re - ceives its birth;
 past its prime, To your beds re - pair at night,



For 'tis that which spring com-mands. Then to the May-pole
 Pret - ty prim - rose decks the earth. Then to the May-pole
 There to dream of day's de - light. Then to the May-pole



haste a - way, — For 'tis now a — hol - i - day;



Then to the Maypole haste a - way, — For 'tis now a — hol - i - day.

The Frost

Nathan Haskell Dole
From the Russian

Russian Folk Song

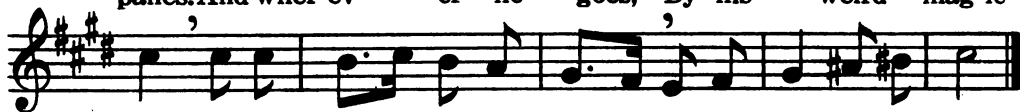


1. Comes the Frost from the North, Steal-ing forth by night;
To the house entrance gains Thro' the win-dow -

2. Comes the Frost from the North, Steal-ing forth by night;
To the house entrance gains Thro' the win-dow -



panes. He has keen sparkling eyes, And on wide si-lent
panes. And wher-ev - er he goes, By his weird mag-ic



wings O'er the earth fast he flies, And the win-ter he brings!
pow'rs, White as snow-flakes he strows Sil-ver ferns, sil-ver flow'rs.

In Autumn

M. Louise Baum

Attributed to Stradella

Adagio



Sun-set is pa - ling; Winds go a - wail - ing;



Sum-mer is fled. Night cowers cold On wood and on



wold, While o - ver - head The stars are red.

Summer's Done

May Morgan

Norwegian Folk Song

1. The chest - nut tree is fla - ming All gol - den like the
 2. In boughs where birds were sing - ing Now on - ly squir - rels

sun, Its fall - ing burrs pro - claim - ing That nut - ting time's be -
 run, And emp - ty nests are swinging, Are swinging in the

gun. By signs like these we know sum - mer's done.
 sun. By signs like these we know sum - mer's done.

My Bonny Pipes

Alice C. D. Riley

Scotch Folk Song

1. Gi'n the cold winds blow, Gi'n the sleet and snow, Then my
 Gi'n the fog broodswite O'er the face o' night, Then my
 2. There's a lass o' mine, Brown her hair so fine, And the
 When the wind howls dour O'er the bar - ren moor, Then my

High - land plaidie'll keep me warm.
 High - land heart will fear no harm.
 blue o' heav - en's in her e'e.
 High - land lass will think o' me.

For a High - land lad In his
 Oh, my heart will pine For this



Highland plaid, With his bagpipe dear, Knows no tho't o' fear. Then blow, then blow, my
lass o' mine, Till my love I hold In my plaidie's fold! Then blow, then blow, my



bon-ny pipes, then blow! My High-land heart will fear no harm.
bon-ny pipes, then blow! My High-land lass will think o' me.

The Maid and the Brook

Frederick H. Martens
From the German

Russian Folk Song



1. Where the brook thro' green wold flows, Its rip - ples
2. Sil - ver brook, ah, when you roam, A migh - ty



rill - ing while it goes, There each day my
riv - er past my home, Tell all those whom



foot-steps stray; I think of loved ones now far a - way.
I hold dear That in my thoughts they are ev - er near,

At the Window

Maurice Thompson

Frank van der Stucken
Composed for this Series



I heard the wood - pecker tap-ping, The blue-bird



ten-der - ly sing; I turned and look'd out of my win-dow, And



lo! ——— It was spring! — A breath from



trop - i - cal bor-ders, Just a rip - ple, flow'd in-to my room, And



washed my face clean of its sad-ness, Blew — my heart in-to

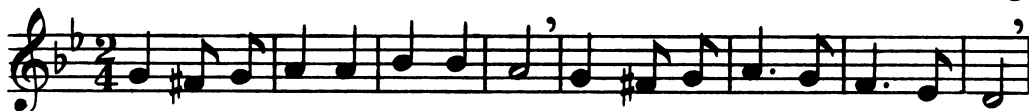


bloom, ——— Blew my heart in - to bloom. ———

Happy Autumn Days

Virginia Baker

French Folk Song



1. Sing, let us sing of hap - py days! Days when the air is crisp and clear!
2. Sing, let us sing of for - est dales Where ripened chestnuts pat - ter down!
3. Sing, let us sing of si - lent nights When all the stars like jew - els gleam!



When, from the woodland, call the jays, Tell - ing that autumn now is here.
 Sing of the trees in glens and vales, Splendid in crimson, gold, and brown.
 Joined hand in hand the white frost sprites Dance 'neath the pale moon's sil-ver beam.

The Star

Margaret Aliona Dole

Danish Folk Song



1. One night a star left the Milk-y Way, Leaping forth in glad-ness; He
2. The morning light stole his fading glow: Homeward he was creeping. The
3. He answer'd them, slowly turning pale: "Laugh not at my sor - row! When



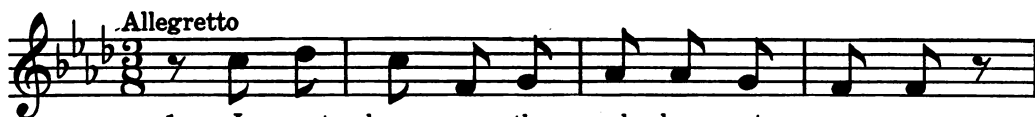
danced and play'd till the break of day, And then his joy all turn'd to sad-ness.
 sunbeams mock'd him: "Why don't you go Where all the other stars are sleeping?"
 evening comes then your light will fail, And I shall shine a-gain to - mor-row!"

Chapter III: The Eighth-Note Beat

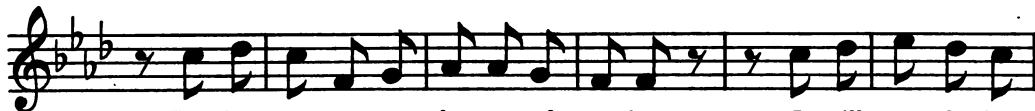
The Remembrance Bouquet

M. Louise Baum

Neapolitan Folk Song



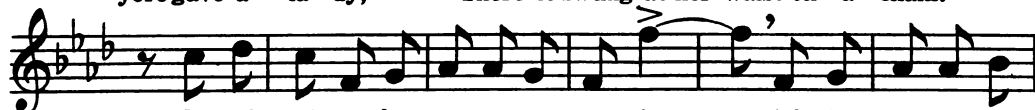
1. I must choose me the yel - low - est ro - ses,
 2. Then with fil - i - gree pa - per I wreathe it,



For the sweetest, com-ple-test of po-sies; I will min-gle the
 In a hold - er of sil - ver I sheathe it. 'Tis what gallants of



fern and the li - ly, Mi-gnon-ette, so-ber pansies and gay;
 yore gave a la - dy, There it swung at her waist on a chain.



Pur-ple vi - o - let, snowy car - na - tion, All the lov - li - est
 Oh, but who'll grace my posy and wear it? None is left now with



flow'rs in cre - a - tion Go to make a remembrance bou-quet.
 whom I may share it, And my flow'rs have but blossom'd in vain.

The Gypsy Dance

Virginia Baker

Gypsy Melody



1. The twinkling stars are bright, The sil-ver moon is beam-ing; The
 2. Like nymphs and fauns at play, In mys-tic measures twi - ning, They



campfire's fit - ful light Glows red in the gloom of night. With
cir-cle, bend, and sway, While loud swells the mu-sic gay. Tho'



footsteps trip-ping free, And dark eyes wild - ly gleam - ing, The
in the arms of sleep All oth-ers are re - cli - ning, Till



Gyp-sies mer - ri - ly Now dance'neath the greenwood tree.
dawn be-gins to peep The Gyp - sies their rev - els keep.

Lovely Night

Mary Stanhope
From the German

Ludwig van Beethoven



1. Love - ly night, love - ly night! With the la - dy moon for
2. Love - ly night, love - ly night! How the moonlight mu - sic



queen! O - ver field and wood she smil-eth And the lake to song be-
flows! Shining harps with sil-ver thrill-ing, El-fin flutes ec-sta-tic



guil-eth With her sil-ver light se-rene. Love-ly night, love-ly night!
trill-ing Lull the heart to sweet re-pose. Love-ly night, love-ly night!

So Ignorant

Eunice Ward

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series



1. The ve-ry dull-est chil-dren in Jap - an speak Jap - a - nese; In
2. In Par-is lit - tle chil-dren do their les-sons all in French; In



Spain they chat-ter Span-ish as they play. In Hol-land it is
Ath-ens e-ven ba-by talk is Greek. It makes me feel quite



much The custom to speak Dutch, While German youngsters talk the German way.
blue, And rather stu-pid too, For English is the on-ly tongue I speak.

Prince Baby

Louise Stickney
From the Swedish

G. C. Boivie



Prince-ling mine, tho' thou lack a throne, Hap-ly more sweet thy



slum-ber! King thou art of this wood a-lone, — Vas-sals hast without



num - ber. Wa-ters will woo thee, Breezes will sue thee,

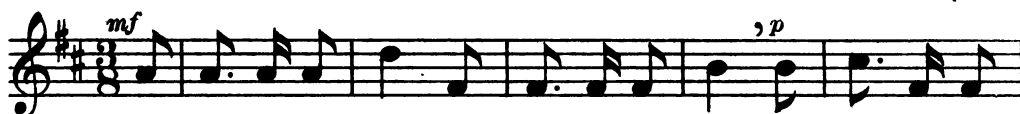


Larks will car - ol thy praise And peace bless thy days.

Dancing Song in May

Hoffman von Fallersleben

Robert Franz



Come out to the green, For spring it has come; The glad May is



roaming, The hawthorn is blooming; Come out — and be gay, — For



mer - ry is May. — Come danc-ing with joy, In life's happy



morn; No clouds dim the heav-en, The earth is new - born, is new -



born — in the May; — Be glad — and be gay. —

Well Met, Well Met

Traditional

English Folk Song

Allegretto grazioso



1. Well met, well met, my own true love! Long
 2. I might have had a prin - cess fair, She
 3. A way of gold lies o'er the sea, Where

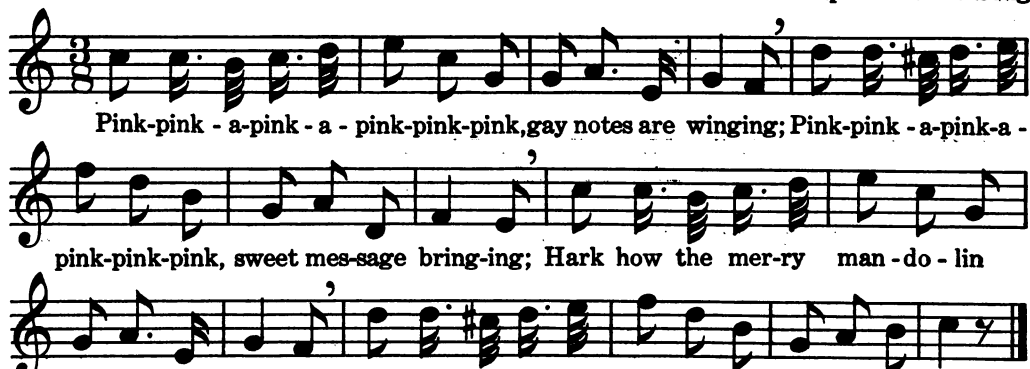
time am I seek - ing of thee. I am late - ly come from the
 fain - would have wed - ded with me; But I did not hold for her
 sets the great red sun in the west, And a - long that way thou shalt

salt, salt wave, And all for the sake, sweet love, of thee.
 crown of gold, And all for the sake, sweet love, of thee.
 sail with me, To the land of all lands, sweet love, that's best.

Mandolin Song

Abbie Farwell Brown

Spanish Folk Song



Pink-pink - a-pink - a - pink-pink-pink, gay notes are winging; Pink-pink - a-pink - a -

pink-pink-pink, sweet mes-sage bring-ing; Hark how the mer-ry man-do-lin

sof - tly is sing-ing, Pink-pink - a-pink - a - pink-pink-pink, sil-ver-y sweet!

The Passing of Summer

Alice C. D. Riley

Neapolitan Folk Song



1. Blow! Blow! Free wind a - blow - ing! Sum - mer is
2. Fly! Fly! Wild geese a - fly - ing, Why do you



o - ver, autumn is come. Blow! Blow! Soon 'twill be
leave us? Where do you go? Fly! Fly! Southward you're



snow-ing. Hark to the plo - ver sounding his drum!
hie - ing. What are you chan - ting, plaintive and low?



"Win - ter is com - ing," List to his drumming, List to him
Ripe nuts are fall - ing, Bob White is call - ing; Mocks Mister



call to his mate close by! Leaves all a - quiv - er, Reeds all a -
Squirr'l in the tree close by! North wind's a - blow-ing, Soon 'twill be



shiv - er, Blossoms must with - er, Summer must die!
snow-ing, Summer is go - ing, Summer must die!

Chapter IV: The Dotted Quarter-Note Beat; More Advanced Studies

Halloween

Ethel B. Howard

Catharina van Rennes

1. The sparks fly high in the chimney deep Where the birch log glows; The
2. On hal-low-eeen, in the shadows dim Of the gray twi-light, Go

pop-corn snaps and the chestnuts leap While gay laugh-ter flows; And
Jack o' lanterns and witchmaids slim In a mad-cap flight. The

ap-ples red are luscious to eat When fall the snows.
full moon tops the wooded hill rim And laughs out-right.

The Huntsmen

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round

I A southerly wind and a cloudy sky Proclaim it a hun-ting morning;

II To horse my brave boys and a-way; Bright Phoebus the hill is a-dorn-ing.

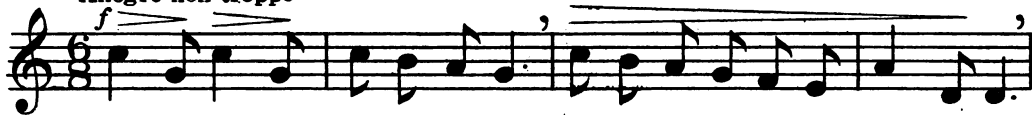
III Hark! hark! for-ward! Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra!

Jingle, Jingle, Jinglety, Jing

Lee Burns

Harvey B. Gaul
Composed for this Series

Allegro non troppo



Jin - gle, Jin - gle, Jin - gle - ty, Jing! I can't re - member the words to sing;



But there comes in - to my head some - times A sau - cy young tune that



rip - ples and rhymes; Climbs up high and drops down low,



Just as a mer - ry young tune will go; Then runs a - way laugh - ing and



full of fun, With a heigh - oh - heigh!

With a heigh - oh - heigh!



With a heigh - oh - heigh! and the tune is done!

The Listening Woods

Ida Whipple Benham

Rudolph Ganz
Composed for this Series



1. I went to the leaf - y for - est; Not a leaf, not a flow - er was
2. I looked at the shadowed mos - ses, And I looked at the nests o - ver -
3. And long did I wait in si - lence, But I looked and I list - ened in
4. At last, like a gen - tle breathing, From the Southland a breeze sof - tly



stirred. Still in — its nook was the dream - ing brook, And
head; I watched the brook as it swee - tly dreamed A -
vain; It seemed the for - est so hushed and still Would
blew, And said, "The lit - tle wood peo - ple all Are



still the nes - ting bird, — And still the nes - ting bird. —
lone in san - dy bed, — A - lone in san - dy bed. —
nev - er wake a - gain, — Would nev - er wake a - gain. —
list - 'ning, child, like you, — Are list - 'ning, child, like you." —

Theme

From *The Seventh Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven



Come Lassies and Lads

From *The Westminster Drollery*, 1672

English Folk Song

Allegretto



1. Come, lassies and lads, get leave of your dads, And a - way to the May-pole
2. "You're out," says Dick; "Not I," says Nick, "'Twas the fid - dler play'd it
3. "Good night," says Harry; "Good night," says Mary; "Good night," says Poll to



hie; — For ev - 'ry fair has a sweetheart there, And the fiddler's standing wrong. "'Tis true," says Hugh and so says Sue And so says ev - 'ry John. "Good night," says Sue to her sweetheart Hugh; "Good night," says ev - 'ry



by. — For Wil-lie shall dance with Jane, — And Johnny has got his one. — The fid - dler then be - gan — To play the tune a - one. — Some walked and some did run, — Some loi - tered on the



Joan, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and gain, And ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the way, And bound themselves by promises twelve To meet next hol - i -



down; To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down. men; And ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men. day; And bound themselves by promises twelve To meet next hol - i - day.

Chapter V: Modulations to Nearly-related Keys

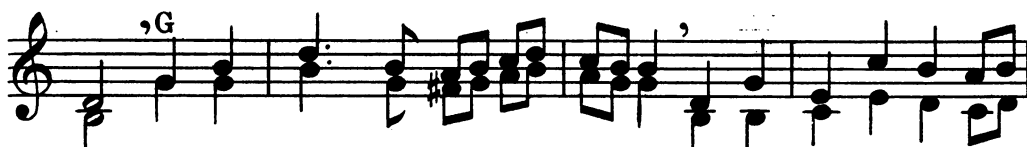
Faithful Friends

Margaret Aliona Dole

Joseph Gersbach



1. Faith-ful friends are life's best treasure; Wealth and fame may pass a -
2. Life is full of stern de - ni - als; Oft we miss the joys we



- way, Bring no joy or las - ting pleasure; Faith-ful friends a - bide al -
crave. Faith - ful friends are near in tri - als; Their sup - port will make us

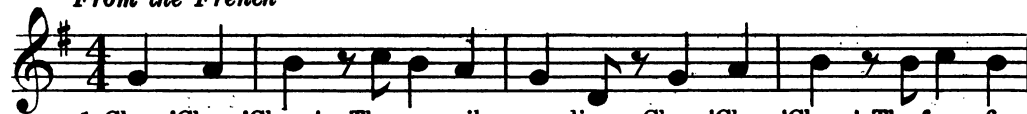


- way. Thro' the world I glad - ly go If one faithful heart I know.
brave. Thro' the world I glad - ly go If one faithful heart, I know.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the French

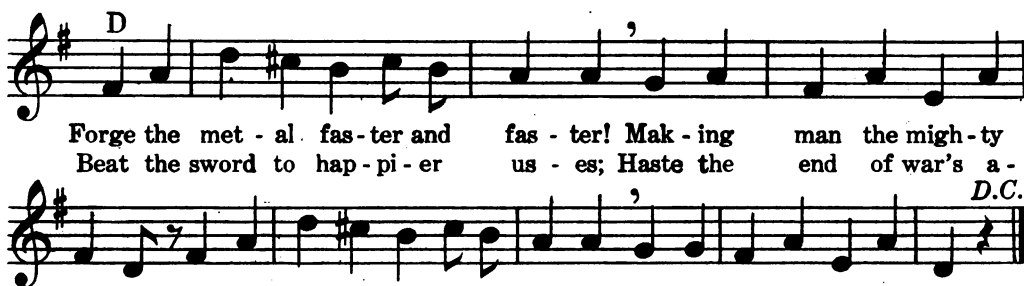
Allyre Bureau



1. Clang! Clang! Clang! The an - vil sounding; Clang! Clang! Clang! The forge fire
2. Clang! Clang! Clang! Resounds the hammer. Clang! Clang! Clang! The flame as -



- glows. Clang! Clang! Clang! The hammer pounding, Clang! Clang! Clang! With shaping blows.
cends. Clang! Clang! Clang! A migh - ty clam - or! Clang! Clang! Clang! The met - al bends.



master; Round the world to brace it the stronger, Pow'r of steel and i - ron goes.
buses; Forge the plow, the ship, and the railroad, Peaceful bonds that make all friends.

On the Ling, Ho!

Björnstjerne Björnson

Halfdan Kjerulf



Naples

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the Italian

Italian Folk Song



1. Dome of az-ure sky O'er sea of az-ure! Land where moments
2. Gar - dens near the sky With gleam-ing fountains; Vineyards climbing
3. Here up-on a hill A fair - y pal-ace; There a sil-ver



fly In dream-y pleas-ure! Ev - er dear to me Your
high The migh-ty moun-tains; Treas-ure fair to see Your
rill Di-vides the val-leys; Cav-erns in the sea Of



fra-grant hours, Land of flow'rs, O Na-ples dear!
gar-ners hold, Fruit of gold, O Na-ples dear!
az-ure blue, Fair to view, O Na-ples dear!



Sweet the sum-mer breeze That blows so gen-tly;
Pur-ple grapes to eat So rich and juic-y;
There a moun-tain stands With heart all burn-ing,



Soft the hum of bees In or-ange bow'rs. Tra la la la la!
Figs and al-monds sweet, A store un-told. Tra la la la la!
Guar-dian of the lands, So bright of hue. Tra la la la la!

The Snowflakes

Wilbur Weeks

Neapolitan Song



When o'er the fields the snowflakes Are fall - ing, are fall - ing, I
o'er the fields the snowflakes Are fall - ing, are fall - ing, I



watch them slowly drif - ting, The dis - tant lands re - call - ing; Where
nev - er miss the spring - time Or mer - ry birds a - call - ing. The



spic - y breez - es stray - ing Thro' orchards flow - er - la - den, A -
si - lent snowflakes blow - ing Re - call the dis - tant coun - tries, Where



mong the branches play - ing, Bring down the flow - er snow. — When
fra - grant winds are strow - ing The earth with blos - som



snow. — When o'er the fields the snow - flakes Are fall - ing, are



fall - ing, My fancies are re - call - ing The land of blossom snow.

Near Autumn

Laurence Alma-Tadema

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

1. Red ap - ples in the leaves, Red Rob - in on the bough, The
 2. White foam a - long the sea, White mist up - on the dawn, No
 3. Black - bird is si - lent, lone, Black-ber - ry decks the spray; And

oats are all in sheaves; Where's sum - mer now?
 flow - er for the bee; 'Tis sum - mer gone.
 au-tumn's breath has blown Up - on the day.

The Month of December

Frederick H. Martens

Franz Reiter

1. Tho' flown a - far all the birds that sing In the summer time, in the
 2. Tho' bound in ice all the brooks that run On their laughing way 'neath a

mer-ry spring; To dis - tant lands tho' they be a-wing, Still I
 sum-mer sun; Tho' fros - ted webs on the panes be spun, Still I

love the month of De - cem-ber! Ro - ses red no lon-ger blow;



All the fields are white with driv - en snow; June may go for



all of me, Since De - cem - ber brings the Christmas tree!

Ye Olden Christmas

Seymour Barnard

French Christmas Carol



1. Now comes the time for hol - ly And mis - tie - toe; Now comes the time for
2. Now comes the time for laughter, For catch and jest; Let ca - pers fol-low



fol - ly, Bid wis - dom go. Hith - er, ye waits, And hie, ye mer - ry
af - ter; To dance is best. Light, light of foot, A trip-trip-trip the



mummers! A gree - ting for all com - ers; Ye homeless strangers, ho!
measure; While time al - low - eth pleasure, Trip - trip, thou wel - come guest.

Tree-Top Mornings

Ethelwyn Wetherald

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

Vivace
mf

1. How I like the tree-top morn - ings in the
1. Oh, what fun on tree-top morn - ings in the

ear - ly, ear - ly spring! There's a steady sound of roar-ing Like a
ear - ly, ear - ly spring! When the wind is loud as thun-der, And it

score of riv - ers pouring, Or a hun-dred gi-ants snor-ing, Or a
snaps the boughs a - sun-der, And it lifts you up from un - der, Just to

thousand birds up-soar-ing. There's a rat-tle as of bat-tle and a
run zig - zag and won-der At the hur-ry and the scur-ry that such

sort of splendid swing Of the branches and the curtains and of
win - dy mornings bring; At the flapping and the slapping of the

al-most ev-'ry-thing. Oh, I love the tree-top morn - ings in the
clothesline on the wing. Oh, I love the tree-top morn - ings in the



ear-ly, ear-ly spring!
ear-ly, ear-ly

spring! In the ear-ly, ear-ly spring!

Robin Goodfellow

Ancient English Song



From O-ber-on in fair-y-land, The King of Ghosts and



Shad-ows, there, Mad Rob-in, I, at his com-mand, Am



sent to view the night sports here. What rev-el rout is



kept a-bout In ev-'ry cor-ner where I go? I



will o'er-see and mer-ry be, And make good sport with ho! ho! ho!

Naughty Lisette

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the French

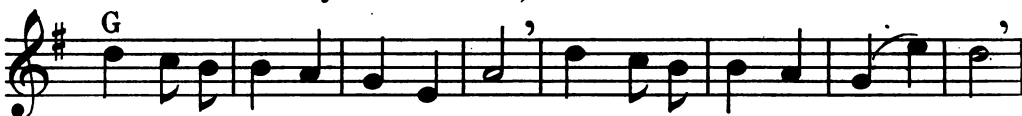
French Folk Song



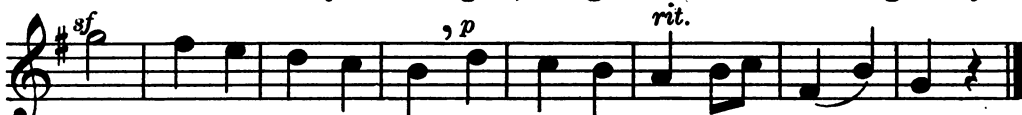
1. Leading my lambs thro' pastures wide, Skipping a - long so glad - ly,
2. 'Lit - tle Lis-ette has eyes of blue, Hair that is bright and yel - low;



One lone-ly shepherd boy I spied, Who told his sto - ry sad - ly:
If she were on - ly kind and true, But she tor - ments a fel - low!



"Fair is Lis-ette and good to see, Sweet as the mea-dow po - sies;
Fair is Lis-ette they all a - gree, Though she is cold and haugh - ty.



Ah! Full of pains to me, Like thorn-y bri - ar ro - ses.
No, nev - er fair to me, Lis - ette is cross and naugh - ty!"

Sing Together

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round



Sing, sing to - geth - er, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing; Sing, sing to -



geth - er, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing; Sing, sing, sing, sing.

The Fisherman's Prayer

Louise M. Bray
From the Swedish
Poco Allegretto

A. M. Myrberg



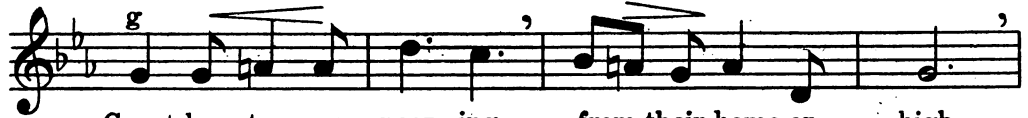
1. Si - lence o - ver all, while the moon her course is keep-ing,
2. Si - lence on the deep, where the fish-er's boat is ly - ing;



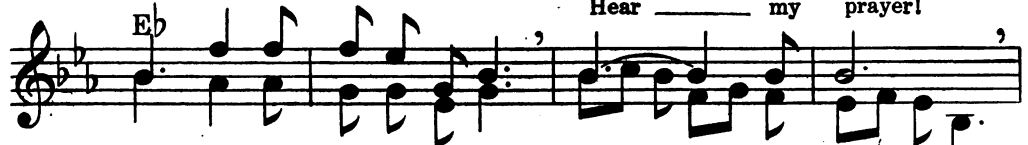
Shi - ning bright and clear out of the mid - night sky;
Wave - lets lap her keel, ligh - tly they sink to rest.



Moth - er Earth be - low, 'neath the heav'n - ly blue is sleep-ing;
Sit - ting calm - ly there, gaz - ing in - to space and sigh-ing,



Count-less stars are peep - ing from their home on high.
Swee - tly sings the boat-man, lulled on o - cean's breast.
Hear — my prayer!



Hear, ho - ly Father, my prayer! Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my prayer!



Fa - ther of fish - er folk, keep me 'neath Thy shelt'ring care.

A Hymn

Laura E. Richards

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

1. For all the pleas-ant things I see, I must give thanks, dear
2. The rob-in in the leaf-y tree Sings, "Praise!" and "Praise!" and
The bending sky, so blue, so bright,
The seagull on the waves a-float

Lord, to Thee! "Praise to Thee!" The sky so blue and bright, The dais-y meadows
The gull on waves a-float Still utters "Praise!" with

The sil-ver moon and
In ev-ry voice of
green and white, harsh-er note. The sil-ver moon
In ev-ry voice
gol-den sun; beast or bird
and of gol-den sun; 'Tis Thou hast
of beast or bird Their love and
made them ev-'ry one,
thanks may still be heard,

made, 'tis Thou hast made them ev-'ry one, ev-'ry one.
thanks, their love and thanks may still be heard, still be heard.

The Dance of the Fairies

Ella Broes van Heekern

E. R. Kroeger
Composed for this Series



1. The nigh-tin-galesang, "O you fair - y band, Come mer - ri - ly
2. The sol-emn gray owl in the old, old tree He winked and he



dance o'er the flow-er - y land, For the cres-cent moon hangs low to-
blinked and said, "What do I see! In this twi - light dim my eyes are



night And the twin - kling stars will lend their light." Then
bright; 'Tis the fire - fly's ball that's here to - night." Then



hand in hand they gay-ly swing, Each elf-in pair with gauz-y wing; A -



round they go in whirl - ing dance, Forward and backward and then advance.

The Seven Swan Ladies

Richard Aldington

Walter Morse Rummel
Composed for this Series

Sadly, but not too slowly



Last night the flow'ring hay - fields lay thick and smooth and



green; But a great ring now is bro - ken where the



sil - ver wil - lows lean. For at dawn the Sev-en Swan



La - dies, who live in a tow - er of snow, Flew



down to the flow'r-ing hay-fields and danced in the morn-ing



glow. ——— Their white feet broke the



gras - ses and the red flowers and the gold;

A little slower

But we slept, and the Sev - en Swan La - dies
Flew home to the ice and the cold.

A Tree-Top Duet

Marshall Bartholomew
Composed for this Series

Animato
mf

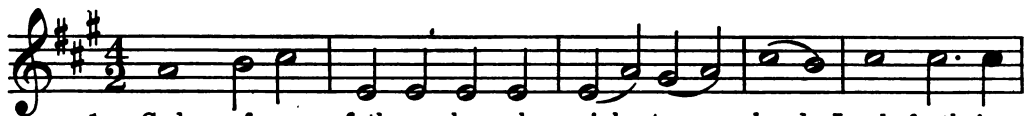
A bob - o - link and a chick - a - dee - dee Sang a
poco più lento
sweet du - et — in an ap - ple tree. "When I'm in good voice," said the
chick - a - dee - dee, "I can sing like you to high C, high C. But I've
doloroso *mf* *molto rit.* Eb
caught such a cold that for love or for gold, I can on - ly sing 'Chick - a -
animato *f*
dee, Chick - a - dee!' I can on - ly sing 'Chick - a - dee - dee - dee!'"

Chapter VI: The Half-Note Beat

National Hymn

D. C. Roberts

Horatio Parker



1. God of our fathers, whose al - migh - ty hand Leads forth in
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past; In this free
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti - lence, Be Thy strong
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way, Lead us from



beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shi - ning worlds in
land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our rul - er,
arm our ev - er sure de - fence; Thy true re - lig - ion
night to nev - er - end - ing day; Fill all our lives with



splendor thro' the skies, Our grateful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
guardian, guide, and stay, Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos - en way.
in our hearts in - crease, Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
love and grace di - vine, And glo - ry, laud, and praise be ev - er Thine.

Evening Hymn

Nellie Poorman

J. Neander



1. { Fa - ther in Heav - en, our voic - es are joy - ful - ly ring - ing,
 { For all Thy kind - ness our thanks we are grateful - ly bring - ing;
2. { Give us, O Fa - ther, the will to do right on the mor - row,
 { Thoughtful and lov - ing, may we bring our comrades no sor - row.

ff

Un - der Thy care safe shall we be ev - 'ry - where;
 Oh, may we be ev - er-more pleas - ing to Thee;

f

Hear the glad hymns we are sing - ing.
 Of Thy great strength may we bor - row.

Lead, Kindly Light

John Henry Newman

John B. Dykes

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'encir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Should'st lead me
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me

on! The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me
 on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me
 on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is

on! Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
 on! I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,
 gone; And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile,

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 Prideruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years!
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

Father and Friend

John Bowring

Horatio Parker



1. Fa - ther and Friend, Thy light, Thy love, Beam-ing thro'
2. Thy voice we hear, Thy pres - ence feel, Whilst Thou, too
3. We know not in what hal - lowed part Of the wide
4. Thy chil - dren shall not faint nor fear, Sus-tained by



all Thy works, we see; Thy glo-ry gilds the heav'ns a -
 pure for mor - tal sight, Involved in clouds, in - vis - i -
 heav'ns Thy throne may be; But this we know, that where Thou
 this de - light - ful thought: Since Thou, their God, art ev - 'ry -



bove, And all the earth is full of Thee.
 ble, Reign - est, the Lord of life and light.
 art, Strength, wis - dom, good - ness dwell with Thee.
 where, They can - not be where Thou art not.

Refrain for all stanzas



Thy glo - ry gilds the heav'ns a - bove, And



all the earth is full of Thee.

Chapter VII: More Advanced Song Forms

Kathleen Aroon

Mrs. Crawford

Franz Abt

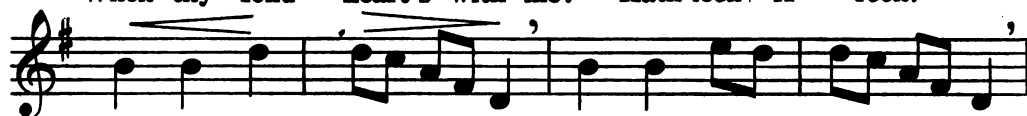
Andante



1. Why should we par - ted be, Kath - leen A - roon!
2. Give me thy gen - tle hand, Kath - leen A - roon!
3. Why should we par - ted be, Kath - leen A - roon!



When thy fond heart's with me? Kath - leen A - roon!
 Come to the hap - py land, Kath - leen A - roon!
 When thy fond heart's with me? Kath - leen A - roon!



Come to those gol - den skies; Bright days for us may rise;
 Come o'er the waves with me; These hands shall toil for thee;
 Oh, leave these weep - ing skies, Where man a mar - tyr dies;



Oh, dry those tear - ful eyes, Kath - leen A - roon!
 This heart will faith - ful be, Kath - leen A - roon!
 Come, dry those weep - ing eyes, Kath - leen A - roon!

White Sand and Gray

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round



White sand and gray sand; Who'll buy my gray sand? Who'll buy my white sand?

Cossack Song

Seymour Barnard

Russian Folk Song



1. Trot! Trot! Trot! Trot! Men and horse a lus - ty lot! Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly!
 2. Trot! Trot! Trot! Trot! Ev - er on - ward, pausing not! Beat! Beat! Beat! Beat!



Fighting legions ri - ding by! Cos - sack, Cos - sack, Whith - er ride thy
 I - ron hoof on ci - ty street! Cos - sack, Cos - sack, Naught thy ri - ding



hordes a - way? Ev - er on - ward, Ev - er on - ward, night and day!
 hosts can stay, Rush - ing on - ward, Ev - er on - ward, far a - way!

The Singers of the Sea

Josephine Pollard

English Folk Song



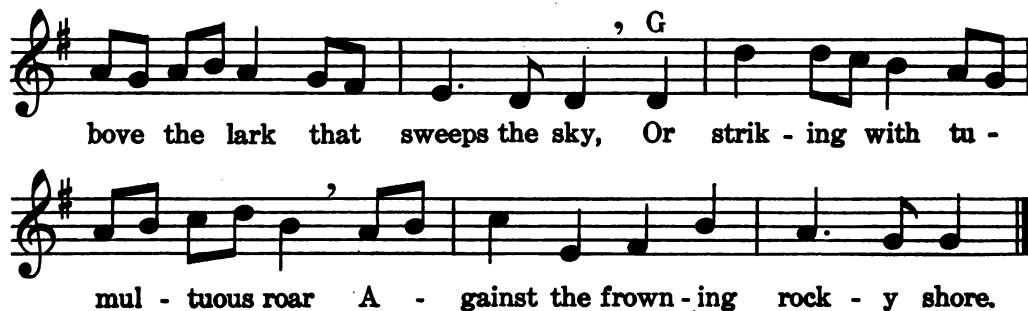
Oh, ma - ny voic - es has the sea! A — cho - rus of rare



mel - o - dy. The sol - emn bass, the ligh - ter tone, Are



blent in tune - ful u - ni - son, With - out a — discord; sounding high A -



The Lincolnshire Poacher

Traditional

English Folk Song

Jovially

1. When I was bound ap-pren-tice boy In fairest Lin-corn - shire, Full
2. Suc - cess to ev - 'ry gen - tle-man That lives in Lin-corn - shire! Suc -
well I served my mas - ter For more than sev - en year; Till
cess to ev - 'ry poach - er That wants to sell a hare! Bad
I took up to poach - ing, As you shall quick - ly hear. Oh! 'tis
luck to ev - 'ry keep - er That will not sell his deer! Oh! 'tis
my de-light on a shi-ning night, In the sea-son of the year!

A Word

May Morgan

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

Moderato
p

A word's a grievous thing A - cross the world to go, To
find a merry heart And leave it full of woe. A word's a gladsome thing To
travel swift as light, To find a heavy heart And leave it gay and bright.

mf, A b

The Old Apple Tree

Nathan Haskell Dole

Hungarian Folk Song

Più vivo
p

1. Lone - ly by the orchard side, Where the land sweeps free and wide,
2. O - ver it the lus-ty Spring Fra - grant gar - lands used to fling;
Stands the old tree, gnarled and dried, Once the farmer's joy and pride;
Still the rob - ins gay - ly sing, Tho' no leaves to branches cling.
Now its glo - ry's crown has died. Why could not its joy a - bide?
Now 'tis on - ly good to bring To the fire-place, poor old thing!

f *p*

The Nightingale

Traditional

English Folk Song



1. My love he was a far-mer's son, hm, hm, hm, hm, When
2. His fa-ther did con-trive it so, hm, hm, hm, hm, That
3. The four-teenth of No-vem-ber last, hm, hm, hm, hm, The
4. The ve-ry night my love was lost, hm, hm, hm, hm, Ap-
5. "O love-ly Nan-cy, cease sur-prise, hm, hm, hm, hm; In
6. I raised my head with star-tled cry, hm, hm, hm, hm; His
7. My fa-ther's dwell-ing I'll for-sake, hm, hm, hm, hm, And



first my ten-der heart he won, hm, hm, hm, hm; His love to me he
 this young lad to sea should go, hm, hm, hm, hm; He told the press-gang
 wind it blew a bit-ter blast, hm, hm, hm, hm; My love was in the
 peared to me his dead-ly ghost, hm, hm, hm, hm, In sail-or's dress and
 Biscay's Bay my bo-dy lies, hm, hm, hm, hm, With all my mates who
 pal-lid ghost from me did fly, hm, hm, hm, hm; I lit-tle tho't when
 far a-way my way I'll take, hm, hm, hm, hm; By lonesome wood or



did re-veal, hm, hm, hm, hm, But lit-tle tho't of the Nigh-tin-gale.
 not to fail, hm, hm, hm, hm, To press my love for the Nigh-tin-gale.
 dreadful gale, hm, hm, hm, hm, And he went down in the Nigh-tin-gale.
 vis-age pale, hm, hm, hm, hm, And told his fate in the Nigh-tin-gale.
 once set sail, hm, hm, hm, hm, On board the ill-fa-ted Nigh-tin-gale."
 he set sail, hm, hm, hm, hm, He'd end his days in the Nigh-tin-gale.
 dis-tant vale, hm, hm, hm, hm, I'll mourn his fate in the Nigh-tin-gale.

New Year's Song

Kate Louise Brown

C. Meister

mf



1. Calm is the win - ter's night; Stars in the heav - ens bright
 2. White is his an - cient head, Heav - y his sol - emn tread;
 3. Who, crowned with gol - den locks, Now at the por - tal knocks,

p



Shine cold and clear. Who seeks the mid-night gate, Wan - der - ing
 Par - tings are near. Well has he served us all, Well may we
 Bring - ing good cheer? "O - pen, my friend, and see, I have great

cresc.



f


far and late? No lon - ger can he wait, Wea - ry Old Year.
 fond - ly call, "Blessings up - on thee fall, Faith - ful Old Year."
 gifts for thee; O - pen and wel - come me, Hap - py New Year."

In the Lists


Seymour Barnard

Ancient Gaelic Song

Maestoso



Knight er - rant bold, with a crest of gold; Young gal - lant



gay, with a plume of gray; Or black knight dread, with a gui - don



red; — Who'll vic - tor be in the lists to - day?

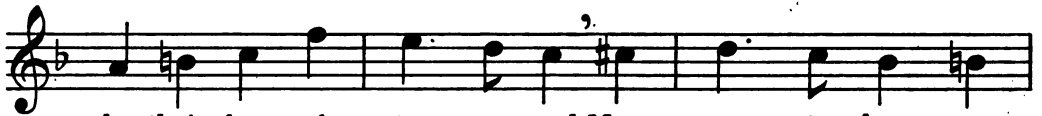
Patriotic Hymn

May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series



1. O land our fa - thers loved and served, And
2. With fer - vor deep and joy - ous praise, Un -
3. May jus - tice be thy con - stant guide, And
4. From foes with - out and foes with - in, From



by their loy - al - ty preserved, May we to thee as
to our fa - thers' God we raise A prayer that thou mayst
pu - ri - ty with thee a - bide; May peace and plen - ty
lust of pow'r and se - cret sin, God keep thee safe from



faith - ful prove And thee as tru - ly
ev - er be A ref - uge for the
ev - er - more On thee their bless - ings
year to year, O Fa - ther - land most



love, And thee as tru - ly love
free, A ref - uge for the free.
pour, On thee their bless - ings pour.
dear, O Fa - ther - land most dear.

The Fountain and the Birds

Ethel B. Howard

Swedish Folk Song



1. { See the crys-tal, sparkling fountain play, High a - loft a veil of
See, a-cross the lawn, a rainbow spray, Trembling bright, on ev-'ry
2. { See the flit-ting, chirping songsters gay, Round the fountain brim in
Birds will lin-ger here the live-long day, Swee-tly with the fall-ing

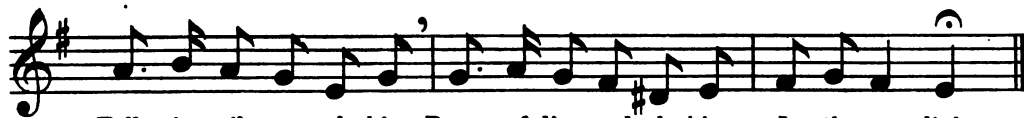


sil-ver fling-ing;

blade is cling-ing. Tin-king foun-tains, flash-ing,

cir-cles wing-ing;

wa-ters sing-ing. Feath-'ry wings are drip-ping,



Fall in sil-ver splashing, Drops of diamonds dashing In the sun-light.
Dain-ty breasts are dipping, Ti-ny bills are sip-ping In the sun-light.

Back of the Bread

Peter Christian Lutkin

Composed for this Series



Back of the bread is the snow-y flour; Back of the flour is the mill;



Back of the mill the growing wheat Nods on the breez-y hill;



O-ver the wheat is the glowing sun, Rip'ning the heart of the grain; A-

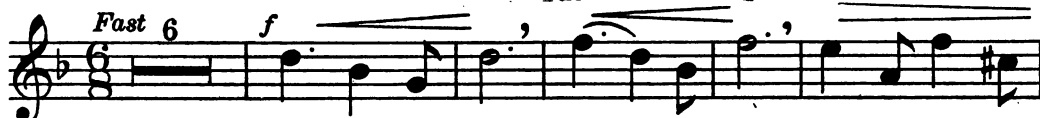


bove the sun is the gracious God, Sending the sunlight and rain.

Song of the Winds

May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series



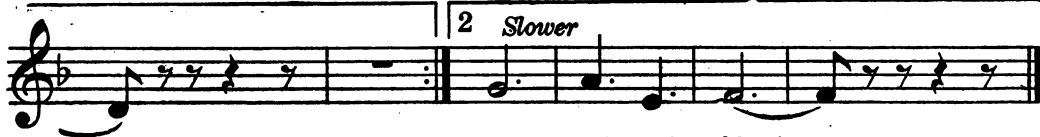
1. Blow, north wind, blow! Bring the snow! Bring the bright and
2. Blow, south wind, blow! Melt— the snow! Bring a - gain the



fros - ty days; Bring the ska - ting and the sleighs; Blow! —
humming bees; Bring the birds and budding trees; Blow! —



Blow! — Blow! — Blow, north wind, blow! —
Blow! — Blow! —



Blow, south wind, blow! —

Winter Clouds

Margaret Aliona Dole

Hungarian Folk Song



1. Clouds are roll - ing fast a - cross the win - ter sky,
2. How the sun - light fil - ters thro' the clouds of gold,



Balls of film - y down, like swans, are floa - ting by—
O - ver val - leys deep and mountains high up - rolled!



Birds, that glide a - long a riv - er, wild and free,
On the fields of snow the creep - ing shad - ows fall—



Or like gulls when res - ting on a great blue sea;
Shad - ows blue of tree and cloud and moun - tain wall;



Bright their soft white feath - ers gleam as forth they fly!
Yet the cloud and sky and sun - light are too cold!

PART TWO

Chapter VIII: The Introduction of Three-Part Singing

Prayer

George Jay Smith
From the German

Ludwig van Beethoven

Not too fast
p

O Heav'nly Fa-ther, grant to us the bless-ing Of Thy com -

pas - sion, peace, and love! And may Thy kindness our lives be ca -

ress - ing With warmth and joy and sun-shine from a - bove!

Song of the Brook

May Morgan

Paul Bliss

Composed for this Series



1. If I could on - ly un - der - stand The song the brook - let sings,
2. I'd hear of fish that dart a - bout, Of flow'rs in mea - dows green;



I'm ve - ry sure that I should hear Of ma - ny wondrous things:— Of
I'd hear of fays that dance at night A - round their love - ly queen.— If



ferns and mos - ses on a rock Be - side a mountain spring;— Of
I could on - ly un - der - stand The song the brook - let sings, — I'm



birds that flut-ter down and drink And then fly up to sing.
ve - ry sure that I should hear Of ma - ny won-drous things.

Good Night

Ethel B. Howard

H. J. Dryer

Adagio

mf

1. Twi - light fades; 2. Eve - ning star, 3. Si - lent town;
Vel - vet shades Bright a - far, God looks down;

Twi - light fades; Eve - ning star, Si - lent town;
Sof - tly veil the hills and glades. Guides our feet where home lights are. Rest He gives, day's work to crown.

shades
far,
down;

Sof - tly veil hills and glades.
Guides us where home lights are.
Rest he gives, work to crown.

The Dandelions

Helen Gray Cone

George W. Chadwick

Composed for this Series

Allegretto



1. Up - on a show'ry night and still, With - out a sound of warn-ing, A
2. We care-less folk the deed for-got, Till one day, i - dly walk-ing, We

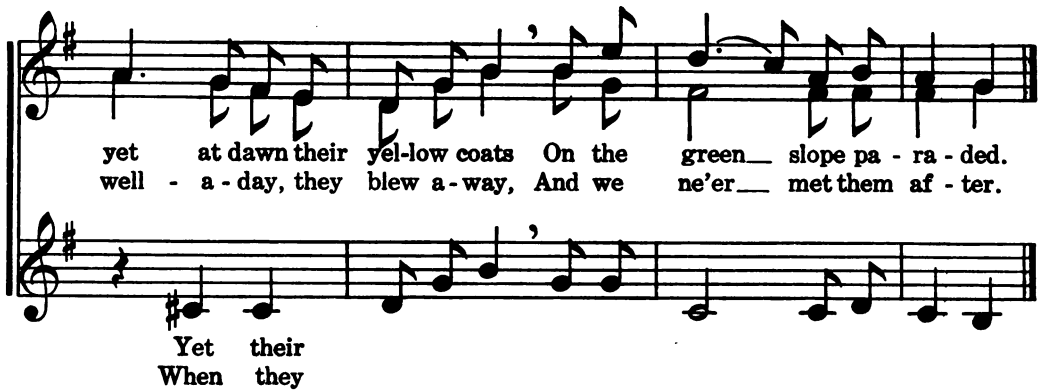


troop - er band sur - prised the hill, And held it in the morn-ing.
marked up - on the self-same spot A — crowd of vet'rans talk-ing;



We were not wak'd by bu-gle notes; No cheer our dreams in-vad-ed; And
They shook their trembling heads and gray With pride and noiseless laughter, When





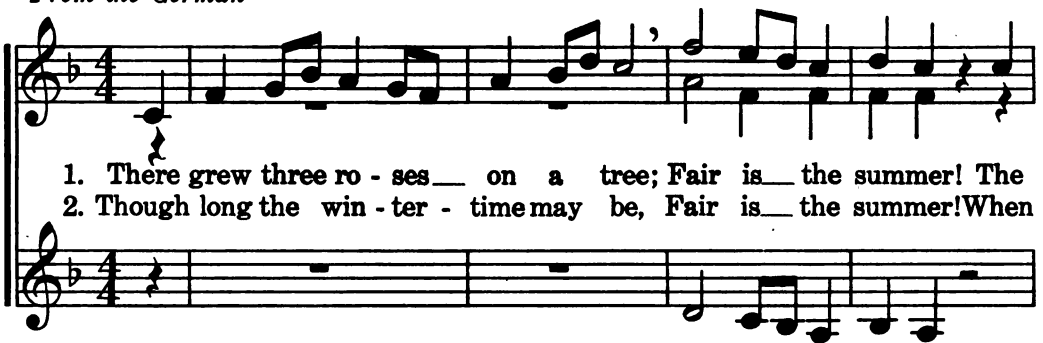
yet at dawn their yel-low coats On the green slope pa - ra - ded.
 well - a - day, they blew a - way, And we ne'er met them af - ter.

Yet their
 When they

Fair is the Summer

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the German

Old German Minnelied



1. There grew three ro - ses on a tree; Fair is the summer! The
 2. Though long the win - ter - time may be, Fair is the summer! When



nigh-tin-gale sang loud and free; Fair is the sum-mer!
 sings the heart in you and me, Fair is the sum-mer!

I Dream in Quiet Sadness

A. J. Foxwell
Lento
mf

C. W. von Gluck

1. I dream in quiet sadness;
2. The hours of youth, how fleeting!
3. Yet here I fain would linger,
4. While thus, in silent watching,

Dream of the days long past; Of days when the spirit of
Soon do its joys decay; Like foam on the billow re-
Musing on what has been, Ere time with its all smoothing
Back-ward my tho'ts I cast, A gleam of de-light I am

glad-ness Said of care that it could not
treating, Or as clouds in a summer
finger Shall e-rase ev-'ry mark now
catch-ing From my dream of the days long



pp

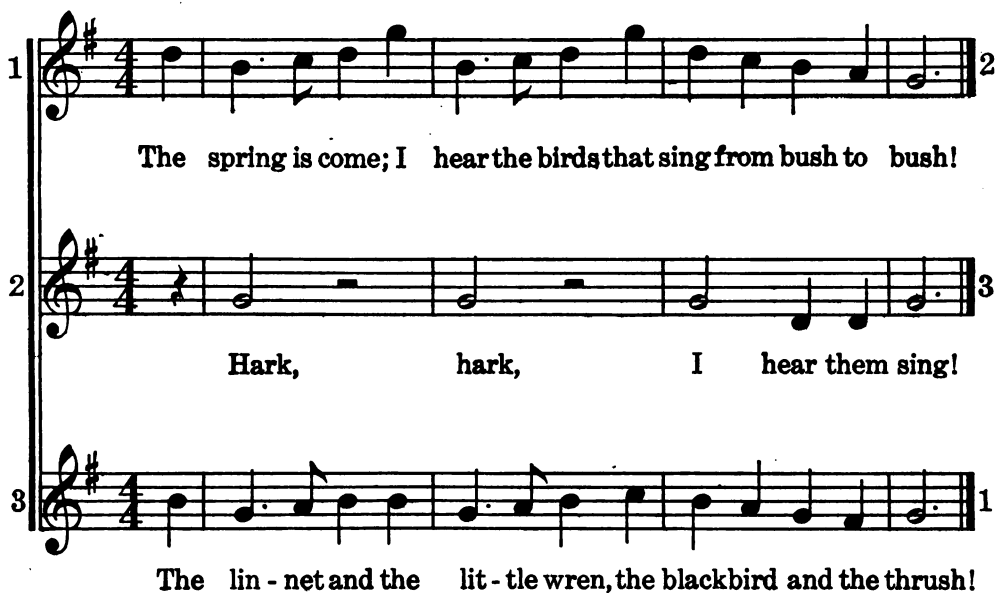
last, Said of care that it could not last.
 day, Or as clouds in a sum - mer day.
 seen, Shall e - raise ev - 'ry mark now seen.
 past, From my dream of the days long past.

pp

The Spring

THREE-PART ROUND

Dr. Hayes



1 The spring is come; I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush! 2

2 Hark, hark, I hear them sing! 3

3 The lin - net and the lit - tle wren, the blackbird and the thrush! 1

To the Old Long Life

THREE-PART ROUND

Samuel Webbe

Vivace

f

To the old, to the old long life and

Long life and treas-ure; To the young, to the

To the young all health, all health and

treas - ure; to the old long

young all health, all health and pleas - ure; to the

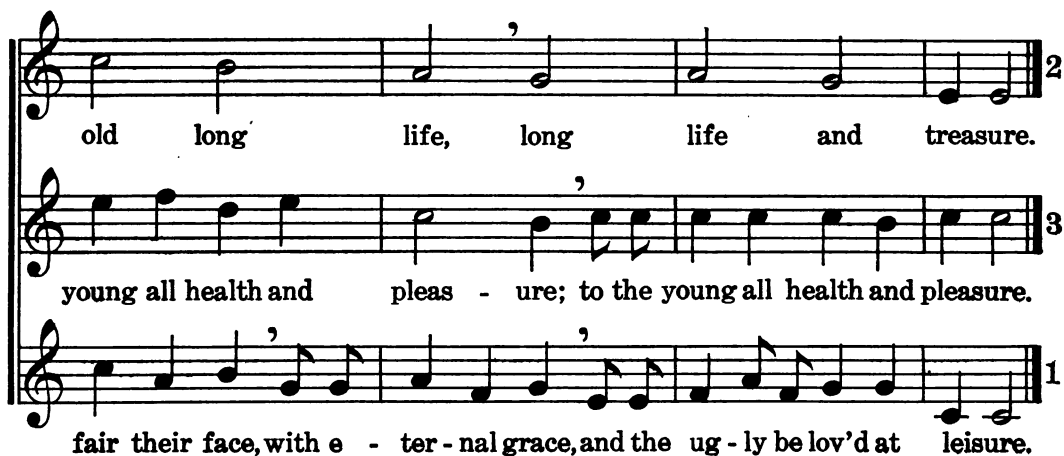
pleas - ure; To the fair their face, with e - ter - nal grace, and the



life and treas - ure; to the old long
 young all health and pleas - ure; to the young all
 ug - ly be lov'd at lei - sure; to the



life, to the old long life and treas - ure; to the
 health and pleas-ure; to the young all health, to the
 fair, _____ to the fair, to the



old long life, long life and treasure. 2

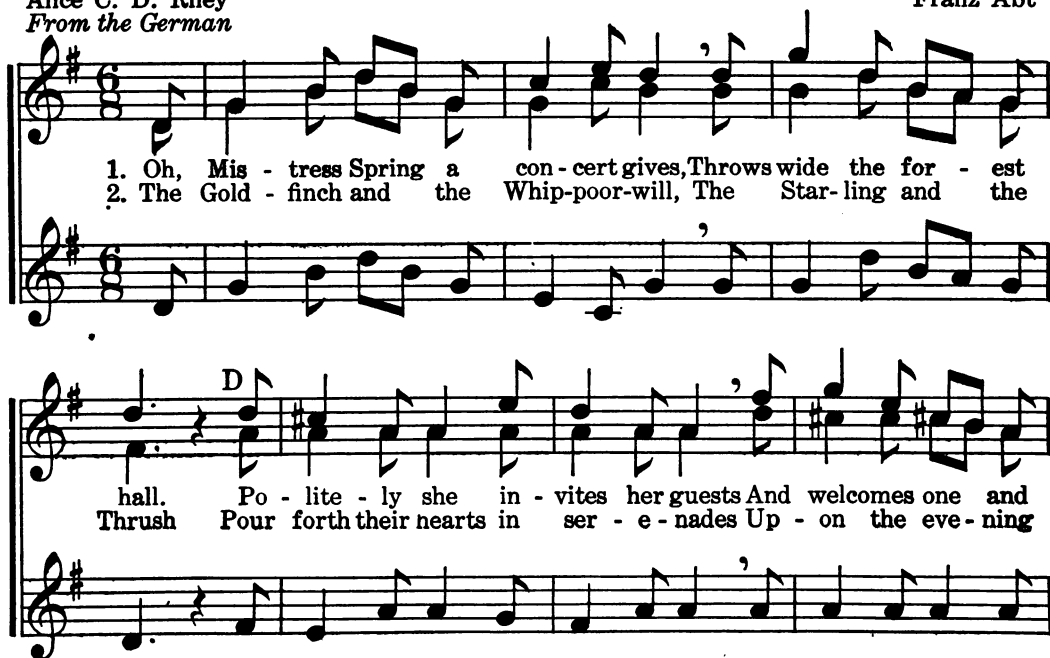
young all health and pleas - ure; to the young all health and pleasure. 3

fair their face, with e - ter - nal grace, and the ug - ly be lov'd at leisure. 1

The Forest Concert

Alice C. D. Riley
From the German

Franz Abt



1. Oh, Mis - tress Spring a con - cert gives, Throws wide the for - est
2. The Gold - finch and the Whip-poor-will, The Star-ling and the

hall. Po - lite - ly she in - vites her guests And welcomes one and
Thrush Pour forth their hearts in ser - e - nades Up - on the eve - ning

all. Then Mis - tress Lark a so - lo sings And trills a - way in
hush. And af - ter dark the Nigh-tin-gale Doth sing so sweet a

G, While Mis - ter Cuck - oo from the bush Doth ech - o ar - den -
tune That all the world drinks mel - o - dy, The mel - o - dy of

In G, _____ so ar - den - tly.
Of June, _____ the song of June.

tly; While Mis - ter Cuck - oo from the bush Doth ech - o ar - den - tly.
June; That all the world drinks mel - o - dy, The mel - o - dy of June.

The Comet

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Margaret Ruthven Lang
Composed for this Series

Andantino

mf



The com-et! He is on his way, And sing-ing as he flies; The



whizzing planets shrink be-fore The spec-tre of the skies. Ah!



well may re-gal orbs burn blue, And satellites turn pale; Ten mil-lion





Chairs to Mend

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round



Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend; rush or cane bottom'd, old chairs to mend, old



chairs to mend! New mack - er - el, new mack - er - el, new



mack - er - el, new mack - er - el! Old rags, a - ny old rags; take



mon-ey for your old rags; a - ny hare skins or rab - bit skins!

The Evening Bells

M. Louise Baum
From the German

Franz Abt

1. The eve - ning bells are call - ing To still the toil of
 2. The stars be - gin to wan - der A - cross the az - ure
 3. Se - rene the moon comes soar - ing A - bove the si - lent

day, And sof - tier yet is fall - ing The sun - set's mel - low
 heights; From shi - ning deeps up yon - der They draw their faith - ful
 wold; A - cross the dark - ness pour - ing Her ra - diant roy - al

ray. On wings of peace the dark draws nigh, To
 lights. They say our Fa - ther reigns a - bove And
 gold. So o'er our dark - est hour shall rise Pure

On wings of peace the
 They say our Fa - ther
 So o'er our dark - est

hide our earth from Heav-en's eye; Yet safe in God's own
 calls our hearts to— Him in love; His ten - der care shall
 peace and sol - ace from the skies; For oh, with God's own

sight Shall rest the bles - sed night; — The
 keep His chil - dren while they sleep; — His
 light Shall shine the bles - sed night; — With

bles - sed night in God's own sight.
 ten - der care keeps while we sleep.
 God's own light the bles - sed night.

The Voice of Evening

C. M. von Weber

1. Sof - tly sighs the voice of eve - ning,
 2. Through the dark blue vault of e - ther,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Voice of Evening'. It consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment on the lower staff. The lyrics are: '1. Sof - tly sighs the voice of eve - ning, 2. Through the dark blue vault of e - ther,'.

through _____
 reigns _____

Steal - ing, steal - ing through yon wil - low grove;
 Si - lence, si - lence reigns with sooth - ing power;

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'through _____ reigns _____', 'Steal - ing, steal - ing through yon wil - low grove;', 'Si - lence, si - lence reigns with sooth - ing power;'. There are dynamic markings: *mf* B, *f*, and *pp* E.

While the stars, like guar - dian spir - its
 But a storm o'er yon - der moun - tain

The third system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'While the stars, like guar - dian spir - its', 'But a storm o'er yon - der moun - tain'. There are dynamic markings: *p* and *mf*.

watch, their nightly
dar - kly brooding

81

Musical score for the first system of 'Mother Dear'. It features two staves in G major (one sharp). The melody is on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo). The lyrics are: 'Set their watch, their watch a - bove, their watch a - bove. Dar - kly seems, now seems to lower, now seems to lower.'

Mother Dear

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the Norwegian

Norwegian Folk Song

Musical score for the second system of 'Mother Dear'. It features two staves in G major. The melody is on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: '1. Moth-er, moth-er dear, When the night is near, When the rud-dy sun is Then your lov-ing care Makes a ten-der prayer; Then of me your heart is 2. Moth-er, moth-er dear, When the day is here, While you count the hours with- Then your ten-der heart Thinks of me a-part; Still you weave a dream a - 3. Moth-er, moth-er dear, Whether far or near, Well I know you'll ne-ver Moth-er love will be Ev-er near to me, When the bit-ter days as- sink-ing, think-ing. Gen - tle stars in heav-en Shine up - on my sleep; out me, Oh, what sweet ro - man-ces Of her child a - far! bout me. Love goes on for - ev - er, I shall not for - get; fail me. sail me.

p *rit.* *a tempo*

So your love is giv-en, Mother watch you keep. Moth-er, moth-er dear,
 Oh, what hap-py fan-cies Mother's vis-ions are! Moth-er, moth-er dear,
 Life or death may sev-er, You will bless me yet. Moth-er, moth-er dear,

p *rit.* *a tempo*

When the night is near, Then of me your heart is think-ing.
 When the day is here Still you weave a dream a - bout me.
 Wheth-er far or near, Moth-er love will nev-er fail me.

Sing, O Sing

Dora Read Goodale

Mary Turner Salter
Composed for this Series

Allegretto
mf


Sing, O sing To the spring! What did A - pril bring? She

mf



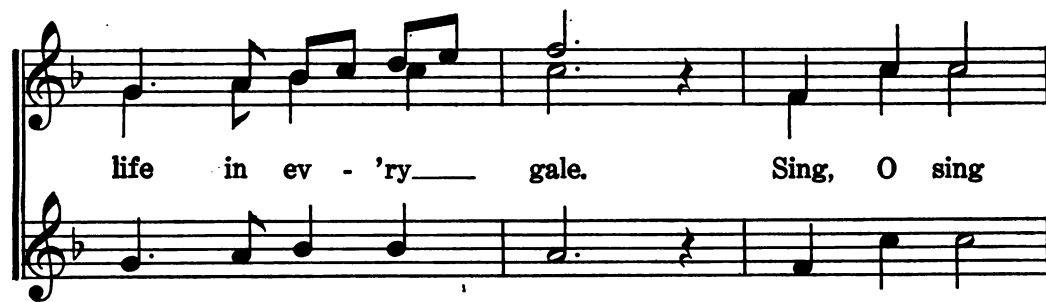
brought us vi - o - lets blue and shy; She brought us wind-flow'rs

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.



white and frail; She brought a warm and ten - der sky And

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff features a melodic line with some rests, while the lower staff continues the harmonic support. The lyrics "white and frail; She brought a warm and ten - der sky And" are positioned below the staves.



life in ev - 'ry___ gale. Sing, O sing

The third system shows the continuation of the musical piece. The melody in the upper staff includes a long note followed by a rest, corresponding to the lyrics "life in ev - 'ry___ gale." The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment. The lyrics "Sing, O sing" follow the first line of this system.



To___ the spring! These and more did A - pril bring.

The fourth and final system of the page concludes the musical phrase. The melody in the upper staff ends with a final note and a double bar line. The lower staff also concludes with a final note and a double bar line. The lyrics "To___ the spring! These and more did A - pril bring." are written below the staves.

Barcarolle

Nellie Poorman
From the Norwegian
Poco Andante

Halfdan Kjerulf

Poco Andante

1. Mis - ty stars are gleam - ing, Sil - ver moonlight beam - ing;
2. Gen - tle winds are sigh - ing, Perfumes sweet are vy - ing;

Mis - ty stars are gleam - ing, are gleam - ing;—
Gen - tle winds are sigh - ing, are sigh - ing;—

Boats are slow - ly drif - ting O - ver wa - ters dream - ing.
All in joy - ous beau - ty Mag - ick hours are fly - ing.

Boats are slow - ly drif - ting, — Slow - ly drif - ting.
All in joy - ous beau - ty, — Joy - ous beau - ty.

Wave - lets dance and rip - ples glance; Earth is in — a gol - den trance.
On the tide we gen - tly glide, Moonlight soft our on - ly guide.

mf Haste, I pray, and yield to eve - ning's mys - tic
 Man - do - lins are sof - tly tin - kling ser - e

mf Haste, I pray, and yield to eve - ning's
 Man - do - lins are sof - tly tin - kling

sway. Night time is the right time; Soon comes the day.
 nades. Meas - ure now the pleas - ure, Night quick - ly fades.

mys - tic sway. Night time is the right time; Soon comes the day.
 ser - e - nades. Meas - ure now the pleas - ure, Night quick - ly fades.

Early to Bed

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round

I II

Ear - ly to bed and ear - ly to rise, Makes a man

III

healthy and wealthy and wise. Wise, healthy, and wealth - y!

Chapter IX: Four Equal Notes to a Beat

Love's Power

Nellie Poorman

Johann Franz Herbeck

1. Where love casts a po - tent spell, Sweet
2. As — van - ish the shades of night Be -

joy and beau - ty ev - er dwell; A — beau - ty be -
fore the dawn of ra - diant light, So — van - ish our

yond com - pare, A — joy that knows no care.
gloom - y fears, When love, sweet love ap - pears.

Cradle Song

Claudius

Franz Schubert

1. Slum - ber, slum - ber, ten - der lit - tle flow - er,
 2. Slum - ber, slum - ber, lit - tle fa - ded flow - er,
 3. Slum - ber, slum - ber, lit - tle an - gel flow - er,

Mother's lov-ing care doth a - round thee twine; Sweet and rest - ful
 Still doth moth - er's love a - round thee glow; Strong-er is it
 Tho'thou li - est 'neath the mos - sy sod, Thou shalt wake in

be this hour, Sooth-ing fall this lul-la - by of mine.
 than death's power, Guar-ding thee wher-e'er thy spir-it go.
 ro - sy bow-er; Ro - ses grow a - round the throne of God.

The Minuet

W. A. Mozart

p



1. When dames wore hoops and powdered hair, And ve - ry strict was
2. O - ver his la - dy's outstretch'd hand Each gal-lant bends right

G



et - i - quette, When men were brave and ladies fair, They danc'd the min-u - et.
C grace-ful-ly; Gra-cious of mien, with manner grand, She sweeps a cour-te - sy.

mf



Slip - pers, highheeled with poin-ted toe, Trod state-ly measures to and fro.
Our whirl-ing steps of mod-ern days Those lords and la - dies would a - maze,
cresc.

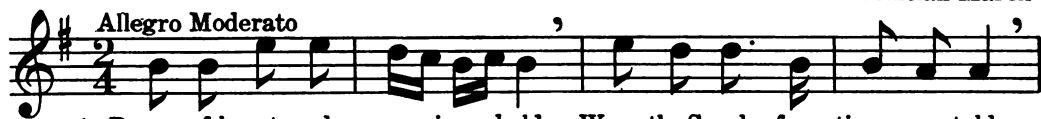


Quite de-mure, sedate, and bow-ing low They danced the min - u - et.
Yet the min - u - et we still must praise For grace and dig - ni - ty.

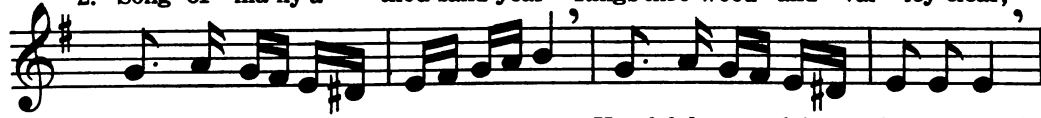
Brave of Heart and Warriors Bold

Ancient Dalecarlian March

Allegro Moderato



1. Brave of heart and warriors bold, Were the Swedes from time un - told;
2. Song of ma-n'y a thou-sand year Rings thro' wood and val - ley clear;



Breasts for hon - or — ev - er warm, Youthful strength in he - ro arm!
Pic - ture thou of — wa - ters wild, Yet as tears of mourning mild.



Blue eyes bright Dance with light, For thy dear green val-leys old.
To the rhyme Of past time, Blend all hearts and lists each ear.



North! thou gi - ant — limb of earth, With thy friend-ly, homely hearth!
Guard the songs of — Swe - dish lore, Love and sing them ev - er-more.

Bosnian Shepherd's Song

Bosnian Folk Song



1. Moun-tains bathed in morn - ing — light; Lark's sweet lays to
2. Maid, than sun - light brigh - ter — far, Fair - er than the



work in - vite. Come my flocks, to flow - 'ry mead —
morn - ing — star; Lips of hon - ey, cheeks of rose, —



Shall your lov-ing shep - herd lead. Come my flocks, to —
Fare ye well till day - light's close! Lips of hon - ey, —



flow - 'ry mead — Shall your lov-ing shep - herd lead.
cheeks of rose, — Fare ye well till day - light's close!

In Ocean Cave

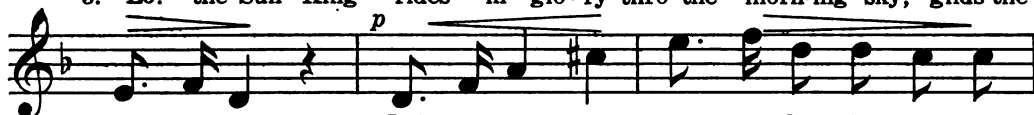
Alice C. D. Riley
From the Swedish

Swedish Folk Song

Moderato



1. Lo! the Sea - King lies in splendor deep in o - cean cave, crys - tal
2. Lo! the Sea - King sweeps his harp strings wildly to a tune, wild - ly
3. Lo! the Sun - King rides in glo - ry thro' the morn - ing sky, gilds the



o - cean cave.
throbbing tune.
morn - ing sky.

Lo! the mer - maids comb their floa - ting, sea - green
Love - ly Fre - ya hears his call and an - swers
Lo! the Moon pales, drops her lan - tern deep where



locks and sing 'neath the o - cean wave.
with her rune, soft and ten - der rune.
cor - als lie, deep where cor - als lie.

Down and down the Moon her
Hark! a - cross the wave the
Hushed are now the songs, the



sil - ver lan - tern swings While a mys - tic rune my La - dy Fre - ya sings.
ech - o rolls a - long! There in o - cean cave the Sea - King hears her song.
songs of mer - maids fair. Where is Fre - ya hid to comb her gol - den hair?



Sings of pearls, white in milk - y sheen. O La - dy Fre - ya, while your
Song of pearls, white in milk - y sheen. O La - dy Fre - ya, while your
Hark! ah hark! still her love - ly song Floats o'er the wa - ter, ech - oes



locks you preen, Sing,
locks you preen, Sing,
faint and long! O

sing your song of love - li - ness un - seen!
sing your song of love - li - ness un - seen!
La - dy Fre - ya, sweet your love - ly song!

Dream and Snowflake

William S. Lord

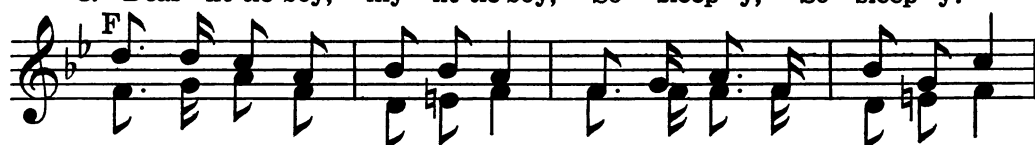
Molto tranquillo

Maurice Moszkowski

Composed for this Series



1. Dear lit-tle boy, my lit-tle boy, So sleep - y, So sleep - y!
2. Dear lit-tle boy, my lit-tle boy, So sleep - y, So sleep - y!
3. Dear lit-tle boy, my lit-tle boy, So sleep - y, So sleep - y!



See the soft de - scen-ding snow Glanc-ing, danc-ing to and fro,
Close thine eyes; Dost thou not see Vis - ions fair as fair can be?
Dreams and snowflakes downward fly; Soon, too soon, they bid good-by,



Just to pleas-ure thee, I know, Dear lit-tle boy,
They are dreams come down to thee, Dear lit-tle boy,
Kiss the earth and mount the sky, Dear lit-tle boy,



my lit-tle boy, So sleep - y, so sleep-y!
my lit-tle boy, So sleep - y, so sleep-y, so sleep-y!

Theme

From *The Sixth Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven



Sleep, My Child

Ann Underhill
From the German

Old German Minnelied

Mässig langsam.

Now close your eyes, my lit - tle child; Sleep, sleep,
soft and warm. The snow lies deep, the wind is — wild,
rit. Lie still and dream Till morning's beam; *a tempo* Sleep safe from cold and storm.

Marching Song

M. Louise Baum
From the German

German Folk Song

1. { The winds of March are call-ing loud, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!
They sweep the blue all clean of cloud, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!
2. { The icebound brook has bro-ken loose, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!
For sluggards now there's no ex-cuse, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!

So leave the stu - pid house a-while, We'll all go march-ing
Let shoulder true by shoulder swing, While breez - es tou - sle,
mile on mile; A - march-ing, a - march - ing, A - marching mile on
tease, and sting; A - march-ing, a - march - ing, A - marching mile on

mile. Hur - rah, hur-rah, tra la la la la la! Hur - rah, hur-rah, tra
la la la la la! A - marching, a-marching, a - marching mile on mile!

Nightingale, Sweet Nightingale

J. S. Stallybrass

Russian Folk Song

1. Nigh - tin - gale, sweet nigh - tin - gale, Wild - ly war - bling
2. Once you lov'd to sing to me, Once my heart was
nigh - tin - gale! Whith - er would you wing your flight,
fresh and free; Now to me that cru - el strain
What young heart make glad to - night? Nigh - tin - gale,
Calls those qui - et hours a - gain. Nigh - tin - gale,
nigh - tin - gale, Swee - tly mourn - ful nigh - tin - gale!

At the Forge

Seymour Barnard
From the French

V. Miry



At the forge, fellows! Blow, blow ye bel-lows! Steel sostout, glow-ing,
Blow the forge, fellows! Roar, roar ye bel-lows! Now the base met-al



Yields, yields to you. Fire, the old foe-man, Aid - eth thy blow, man;
Glow like a star. Then, your sledge ply-ing, Stars, stars are fly - ing,



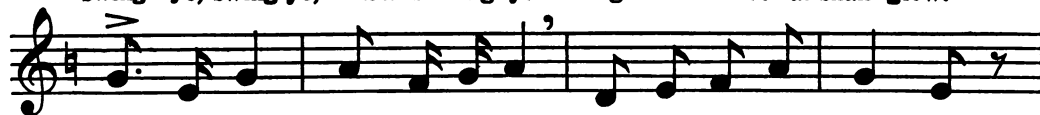
Tem-pests here prisoned, Man's work shall do. Then swing ye, ring ye,
Me - te - ors ti - ny Near and a - far. Then swing ye, swing ye,



Sparks fling ye! Haste ere the har - vest is past. Then
Sparks, wing ye! Joy giv-eth strength to the blow. Then



swing ye, ring ye, Steel bring ye! Friends are the fire and the blast.
swing ye, swing ye, Stars fling ye! Long as the met - al shall glow.



Met - al rude, Shape - less and crude, On our forge is glow - ing;



Ham - mers fly; Flames leaping high; Migh - ty bel-lows blow - ing.

The Bird Catcher

Virginia Baker
From the German
Allegretto

W. A. Mozart
From *The Magic Flute*



1. A__ gay bird catcher__ here am I. I__ lure the birds from
2. Yes, I can call them from the air, But something else I



bush and tree. I swee - tly whis - tle, "Tweet, tweet, tweet!" And on swift wings they
long to do; I wish I__ had a__ mag - ic net, So I could catch sweet



fly to me.
children, too.

By young and old thro' - out the land My
The best and dear - est ones I'd choose, And,



name and fame a - like are known;
if they kind - ly__ smiled at me,

I'm al - ways hap - py,
I'd give them sug - ar,



al - ways gay, Be - cause the birds are all my own.
sweet, to eat, And oh, how hap - py we should be!

Theme

From *Die Meistersinger*

Richard Wagner



Before I Open Drowsy Eyes

Abbie Farwell Brown

Georg Schumann
Composed for this Series

mf *p*

1. Be - fore I o - pen drow - sy eyes, The lit - tle Morning
2. They wake so ear - ly in the day, That as the morning

mf *p*

Glo - ries rise To climb their lad - ders, green and tall, That
wears a - way, They droop all sleep - y - eyed; you see I

mf *p*

lean up - on the gar - den wall. They long to reach the
know, it is the same with me. Their heads be - gin to

f *p*

top — and find Whatsights are hid-den there behind; But nev-er one can
nod — and swing, They cannot climb, they can-not cling; Sleeping they tumble

climb so high; They al-ways fail and this is why: —
off, and then They must be-gin to climb a — gain. —

Theme

From *Oberon*

C. M. von Weber

It Was A Lover and His Lass

William Shakespeare

Adapted from Thomas Morley

Allegretto

mf



1. It was a lov - er and his lass,
2. This car - ol they be - gan that hour, With a hey and a ho, And a
3. And there-fore take the pres-ent time,



hey, and a hey non-ny no, And a hey, and a hey non-ny non - ny



That o'er the green corn - field did pass,
no, How that a life was but a flow'r, In spring - time, In
For love is crown - ed with the prime,



spring-time, In spring-time, The on - ly pret-ty ring time, When




birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey



birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a

poco rall.



ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.

ding ding ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.

Glassy Lake

Nathan Haskell Dole
Andantino


Hungarian Folk Song



1. Lake, lake, glassy lake! Paddles on the lake Az-ure ripples make;
2. Lake, lake, glassy lake! On the ice o-paque Mer-ry skaters take



While the wooded shores' re - flections Dance a - way in all di - rec-tions,
Winding ways that free - ly wan-der To the dis-tant shore line yon-der,



Laugh-ing ech - oes wake
Where the ech - oes wake

On thy shores, O lake!
All a - round the lake.

Theme

From *The Second Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven

Allegro con brio



When I Go Out on My Wheel

A. J. Waterhouse

 Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

wheel

When I go out on my wheel, my wheel, The town fades a - way;

Fades a - way in - to stretches of brown, And I hear the murmur of

brooks that run Thro' the sha - dy nooks till they greet the sun, till they

greet the sun. And it's ho, o - ho! for the joy I feel As I

ride, as I glide on my steed of steel; And the day and its mo - ments are

all di - vine, As I ride on my wheel and the world is mine.

The Trout

A. J. Foxwell
Adapted by Seymour Barnard

Franz Schubert



1. A crys-tal stream was gli - ding, And gay - ly did it run, Now
2. I watched the brook-let flow - ing, I watched the fish - es gleam; I
3. The fish - er - man, de - fea - ted, De - viséd an - oth - er plan; The



deep in thic - kets hi - ding, Now flash - ing in the sun. A -
saw an an - gler throw - ing His bait up - on the stream. The
spec - kled trout he chea - ted As clev - er an - glers can. He



mid its lights and shad - ows A spec - kled trout did play; And
trout would dear - ly love it, But through the wa - ters clear, He
dipped his rod and drew it To foul the crys - tal brook; The



res - ting in the mea - dows, I watched it start and stay; And
saw the man a - bove it, And kept a - way in fear; He
trout, be - fore he knew it, Was fast up - on the hook; The



res - ting in the mea - dows, I watched it start and stay.
saw the man a - bove it, And kept a - way in fear.
trout, be - fore he knew it, Was fast up - on the hook.

Chapter X: Four Tones Ascending Chromatically

The Bluebirds

George Cooper

Myles B. Foster
Composed for this Series

Joyfully *mf*

1. A mist of green on the wil-low; A flash of blue—mid the
2. The snowdrop peeps to the sunlight, Where last year's leaves long have

mf

cresc.

rain;— And the brisk wind pipes, And the brook - let stripes With
lain;— And the flu - ted song Tells the heart, "Be strong, The

cresc.

rit. *a tempo* *dim.* *p dolce*

sil-ver hill and plain.— Oh, hark!— Hark! the
dark-est days will wane.— Be strong! — And the

rit. *a tempo*

Oh, hark! —
Be strong! —

cresc.

blue - birds, the blue - birds, Hark! the blue - birds, the
blue - birds, the blue - birds, And the blue - birds, the

cresc.

f *più f*

blue - birds Have come to us a - gain! — Hark! the
blue - birds Will al - ways come a - gain! — And the

f

a - gain! —

ff *rit.*

blue - birds, the blue - birds Have come to us, Have
blue - birds, the blue - birds Will al - ways come, Will

più f *ff* *rit.*

Yes, the blue - birds

come to us — a - gain! —
al - ways come — a - gain!" —

a - gain! —

Travel

Robert Louis Stevenson

Daniel Protheroe
*Composed for this Series**Allegretto vivace*

1. I should like to rise and go, Where the gol - den ap - ples grow;
 2. Where a - mong the des - ert sands Some de - ser - ted ci - ty stands,
 3. There I'll come when I'm a man With a cam - el car - a van;



Where be - low an - oth - er sky Par - rot is - lands anchored lie,
 All its chil - dren, sweep and prince, Grown to man - hood a - ges since,
 Light a fire — in the gloom Of some dus - ty di - ning room,



anchored lie. Where in sunshine reaching out Eastern ci - ties, miles a - bout,
 a - ges since. Not a foot in street or house, Not a stir of child or mouse,
 di - ning room; See the pictures on the walls, Heroes, fights, and fes - ti - vals;



Are with mosque and min-a - ret Deep'mid san-dy gar-dens set.
 And when kind - ly falls the night, Thro' the town no spark of light.
 In a cor - ner find the toys, Of the old E - gyp - tian boys.

The Best Instrument

Genevieve Fox
From the German

Ernst Schmid

1. With in - struments the fi - nest, With in - struments the rar - est, From
 2. A tune ne'er rings so swee - tly, Ne'er rings one half so swee - tly Tho'

which to make my choice, The instrument that's dear - est Of all is quite the
 played with master art; Nor harp, nor flute, nor vi - ol Can stir my soul so

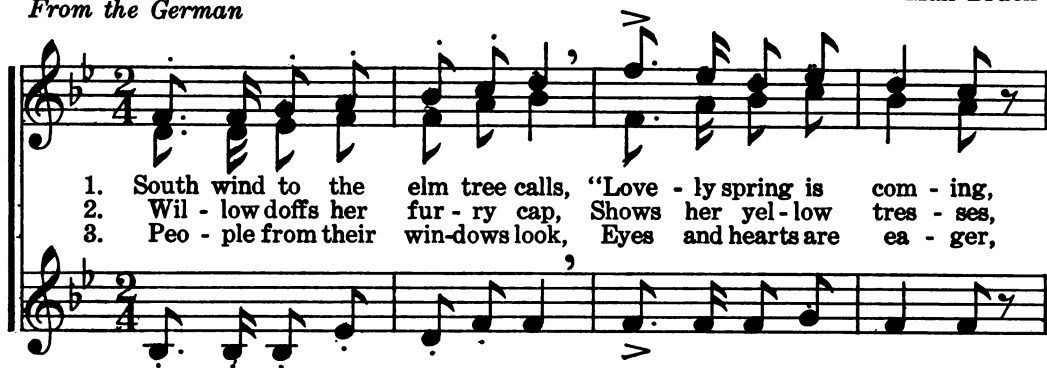
sim - plest, It is the hu - man voice; Tra la, — tra la, — Of
 deep - ly As song from hu - man heart; Tra la, — tra la, — Can

all is quite the sim - plest, Tra la, — tra la, — It is the human voice.
 stir my soul so deep - ly, Tra la, — tra la, — As song from human heart.

The April Folk

M. Louise Baum
From the German

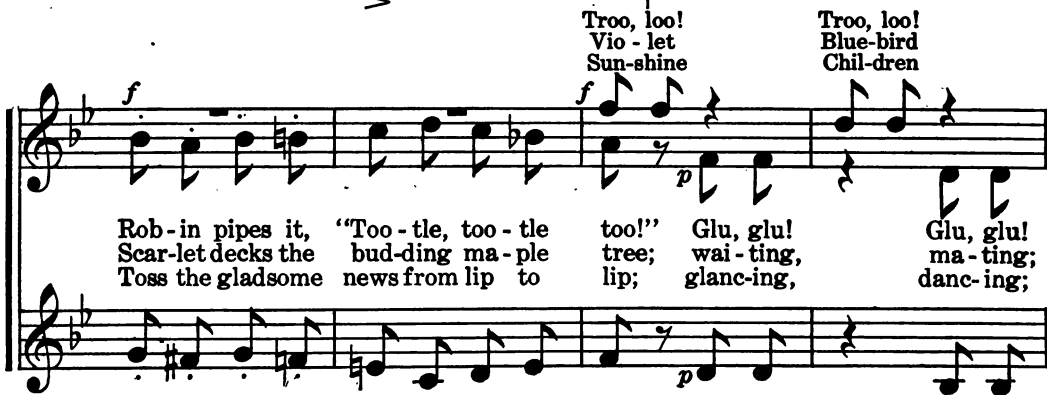
Max Bruch



1. South wind to the elm tree calls, "Love - ly spring is com - ing,
2. Wil - low doffs her fur - ry cap, Shows her yel - low tres - ses,
3. Peo - ple from their win - dows look, Eyes and hearts are ea - ger,



Love - ly spring is com - ing!" Bull - frogs an - swer, "Glu, glu, glu!"
Shows her yel - low tres - ses; Vio - let whis - pers, "Wait for me;"
Eyes and hearts are ea - ger; Out of doors they sly - ly slip,



Rob - in pipes it, "Too - tle, too - tle too!" Glu, glu! Glu, glu!
Scar - let decks the bud - ding ma - ple tree; wai - ting, ma - ting;
Toss the glad some news from lip to lip; glance - ing, danc - ing;

p *f*

Blue-birds join the cho-rus; Bluebirds. All the world is mad with
 Ma-ples blush-ing o'er us; Ma-ples. All the world is mad with
 Old folk did be-fore us; Old folk. All the world is mad with

Bb *p rit.* *a tempo*

A-prill! Shout the hap-py news a-far, "Love-ly spring is com-ing!"
 A-prill! Song and col-or, greeting are; Love-ly spring is com-ing!
 A-prill! Heart and hope to joy un-bar, Love-ly spring is com-ing!

f *rit.*

Shout the hap-py news a-far, "Love-ly spring is com-ing!"
 Song and col-or, greeting are; Love-ly spring is com-ing!
 Heart and hope to joy un-bar, Love-ly spring is com-ing!

Gay Liesel

Alice C. D. Riley
From the German

Karl Wahlstedt



1. When the Maybells all are ringing, When the sky o'erhead is blue, When the
2. When the fields of grain are waving, When the lambs frisk on the lea, When the
3. When the flocks go hith-er, thith-er, Gra-zing wide up - on the wold, When the



hap - py birds are sing-ing And the cro-cus buds are new, When the breezes
waves the shores are la-ving And the ships plow thro' the sea, When the rose is
pods of milkweed wither And the trees rain floods of gold, When the pur-ple



joy-ance bring, Then, ah, then 'tis mer - ry spring.
in its prime, Then 'tis love - ly sum - mer time. Then Liesel is happy, Tra-
grapes ap-pear, Then is mel - low au-tumn here.



la, tra - la! Then Lie-sel is hap-py and dances with glee. Then Lie-sel is



hap-py, Tra - la, tra - la! For Liesel is good as a maiden can be.

Chapter XI: Triplets: Three Notes in the Time of Two

Punchinello

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the French

French Folk Song

Not too fast

mf

Punch has ap-ples, cake, and can-dy At his lit-tle cor-ner
stall. See the ug-ly lit-tle dan-dy! Peanuts too, he sells them
all. O Mis-ter Punch! O Mis-ter I! O Mis-ter
Nell! O Mis-ter Lo! Mis-ter Punch-i-nel-lo, Ho!

Row, Row, Row Your Boat

FOUR-PART ROUND

E. O. Lyte

I II
Row, row, row your boat Gen-tly down the stream;
III IV
Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Life is but a dream.

From a Bygone Day

George L. Osgood

German Folk Song

*Simply**p*

1. From a by-gone day, From a by-gone day, Comes to
 2. O thou bles-sed home, O thou bles-sed home, Ver - dant
 3. Swal - low may re - turn, Swal-low may re - turn To re -

me a sweet old tune; Oh, how far a - way, Oh, how
 fields and wind - ding streams, Let me flee a - way, Let me
 build her emp - ty nest; But an emp - ty heart, But an

far a-way, That day, that day in June! What the swallow sang, What the
 flee a-way To thee, to thee in dreams! When I said farewell, When I
 empty heart Can nev - er, nev - er rest. Swallow never brings, Swallow

swal - low sang, Bring-ing au-tumn and the spring, With the
 said farewell, Life was all a ra - dant morn; Now I
 nev - er brings What thine ach-ing heart would fill; Yet the

same sweet lay, With the same sweet lay, Does the vil - lage ring.
 would re - turn, Now I would re - turn, Ah, 'tis all for - lorn.
 swal-low sings, Yet the swal-low sings In the vil - lage still.

Theme

From *The "New World" Symphony*

Anton Dvořák

Allegro con fuoco

The Linden Tree

Franz Schubert

Andante

mf

1. Be - side the old stone fountain, There stands a lin-den tree; Be -
 2. To - night, a homeless wand'rer, I passed the lin-den tree; Its
 3. The i - cy wind was blow-ing So sharp - ly in my face, I

neath its spreading branches, Glad dreams have come to me. Up -
 wav - ing branches nod-ding, It seemed to speak to me: "Come,
 could not stay nor lin-ger, Be - side that res - ting place. But

on its bark I chis - eled Dear names so long a - go; I
 wea - ry heart-sick com - rade, Be - neath my shadow rest, Where
 wand'ring ev - er on - ward, Strange voic - es seem'd to say: "Come

sought its peace in glad - ness, I sought its peace in
 earth - ly strife or sor - row Shall ne'er thy heart mo-
 back thou wea - ry com - rade; Come, rest thee on thy

woe, I shall sought its peace in woe,
 lest, Shall ne'er thy heart mo - lest,
 way, Come, rest thee on thy way.

Theme

From *The Fourth Symphony*

Robert Schumann

Slowly

Robin Redbreast Told Me

George Cooper

 Julius Röntgen
 Composed for this Series


1. How do rob - ins build their nests?
 2. Where do rob - ins hide their nests?



Rob - in Redbreast told me, told me. First a wisp of am-ber hay
 Rob - in Redbreast told me, told me. Up among the leavesso deep,



In a pret - ty round they lay; Then some shreds of down-y floss,
 Where the sunbeams rare - ly creep; Long be - fore the winds are cold,



Feath - ers, too, and bits of moss, Wo - ven with a
 Long be - fore the leaves are gold, Bright - eyed stars will



sweet, sweet song, This way, that way, and a - cross:
 peep and see Ba - by rob - ins, one, two, three:



That's what Rob-in told me, told me.

A Sailor's Life

Nellie Poorman

Hendrika van Tussenbroek



1. An an - gry tem - pest sweeps o'er the sea; Stormbeaten, the wild waves are
2. The bleak wind shrieks and wails o'er the ship; Grim, ravenous waves high are



lash - ing; Un - leashed, tossing bil - lows go ra - cing by With
tow - 'ring; The drear, storming sky wears a hos - tile face, And



clam - or and roar - ing and crash - ing. But
low scud - ding clouds black are low - 'ring. Un -



sail - ors are fear - less, they nev - er quail; Their hearts are de - fi - ant, tho'
daun - ted, the good ves - sel sails a - long; Her stout keel is stea - dy, her



threat'ning the gale; With songs on their lips, thro' the tem - pest they sail.
tim - bers are strong; Her crew mock the storm with a rol - lic - king song.

My Bedtime

May Elizabeth White

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

Andantino



1. When the sun has gone to bed, Shi - ny clouds a - round its
2. I go slow - ly up the stairs, Kneel and say my sleep - y



head; When the clo - vers go to sleep, And the birds forget to peep;
prayers. From my bed against the wall, I can hear the crickets call.



Theme

From *Die Meistersinger*
Prize Song

Richard Wagner



Spring's Messenger

Hoffman von Fallensleben

Robert Schumann

mf *f*

1. Hark! from the for - est calls the cuck-oo. Ligh - tly he's swinging,
 2. Hark! from the for - est calls the cuck-oo. "Come to my bow - ers,
 3. You are a he - ro, val - iant cuck-oo. Win - ter is fly - ing,

mf *f*

p *f* *mf*

Gay - ly he's sing-ing, Gay - ly he's swinging and sing - ing. "Spring-time!
 Pluck all my flow-ers, Come to my blos-som - y bow - ers. Spring-time!
 Vexed by your cry - ing; Win-ter, old win-ter is fly - ing. Spring-time!

p *f* *mf*

p *f*

Spring-time! Spring-time welcome to you! Spring-time welcome to you!"
 Spring-time! Spring-time com-eth a - new! Spring-time com-eth a - new!"
 Spring-time! Spring-time conquers a - new! Spring-time conquers a - new!

p *f*

Chapter XII: Four Tones Descending Chromatically

The Hillside

Ethel B. Howard
From the German

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Andante

p



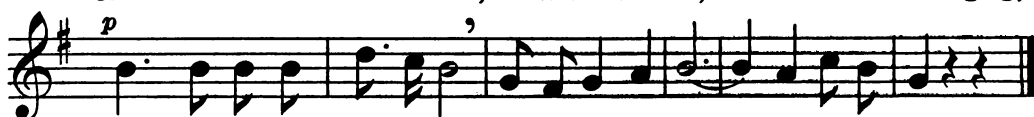
1. Dost thou know a fair - er place Made by spring be - gui - ling?
2. Dost thou hear the whisp'ring trees To the wind re - ply - ing?



May - time here shows all her grace, Bathed in sun-light smi - ling.
Haw - thorn bow-ers lure the breeze, Rus - tling soft and sigh - ing.



Or, when twi - light o'er the air Spreads her sa - ble pin - ions dreamy,
Clear and cool the brooklets flow, With a soft, sweet sound of singing;



Here the young moon, slim and fair, Sheds her silver gleams, casts crystal beams.
Fair - hued flow-ers bud and blow; Thus to greet the spring smiles ev'-ry-thing.

Gypsy Maidens

Alice E. Sollitt

Gypsy Song



1. Gyp - sy maid - en, sing us a meas - ure; Sing and
2. Gyp - sy maid - en, dance us a meas - ure; Sway and



dance while the year's at May. Glad-ly I'll do your
swing like the leaves at play. Glad-ly I'll do your



pleas - ure, Sing while my heart is at gay.
pleas - ure, Dance while the year's at May.

Robin Redbreast

William Allingham

Fr. Gernsheim
Composed for this Series



1. Good - by, good-by to sum-mer! For summer's nearly done; The
thrush-es now are si - lent, Our swallows flown a - way, But
scan - ty pears and ap - ples Hang rus - set on the



gar-den smi-ling fain - tly, Cool breez-es in the sun.
Rob-in's here with coat of brown, And ruddy breastknot gay.

2. Our
3. The



bough; It's au - tumn, au - tumn, au-tumn late, 'Twill



soon be win - ter, win - ter now.
soon be win - ter now.

Rain in Summer

May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

Pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, pour!

pour!

Pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter,

Such a splash and such a splat - ter,
pit - ter, pat - ter, pour! Pit - ter, pat - ter, pour, pat - ter



What an aw-ful roar! _____ Pat-ter slower, sof-ter pat-ter,
 pour! What an aw-ful roar!

Then the sun a - gain; Birds a - call - ing to each oth - er,
 the sun a - gain; Birds a - calling, calling to each oth-er,

"Ho, for summer rain! Ho, _____ for summer rain!" _____

Theme

From *The Sixth Symphony*

Peter I. Tchaikowsky

Andante



Good Night, Pretty Stars

From *Old Fashioned Rhymes and Poems*

Georg Schumann
Composed for this Series

p

Good night, pret-ty stars, with your yel - low eyes; Good

p

night, la - dy moon, in the eve - ning skies; Good

cresc. *mf*

night, dus - ky world, and the migh - ty — deep; I am

cresc. *mf*

I am

dim. , rall. *p a tempo*

tir - ed now, — It is time to sleep. Good night, good

dim. , rall. *p a tempo*

mp *p* dim. *pp*

night! Good night, pret-ty stars, la - dy moon, Good , night!—

mp *p* dim. *pp*

Theme

From *The "New World" Symphony*

Anton Dvořák

Largo

Friends

Abbie Farwell Brown

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
Composed for this Series

Andantino



1. How good to lie a lit - tle while And
2. The wind comes steal - ing o'er the grass To



look up thro' the tree! — The sky is like a
whis - per pret - ty things; — And though I can - not



kind, big smile Bent sweetly o - ver me. The sunshine flickers
see him pass, I feel his care - ful wings. So ma - ny gen - tle



through the lace Of leaves a - bove my head, — And
friends are near, Whom one can scarce - ly see, — A



kis - ses me up - on the face Like Mother in my bed.
child should nev - er feel a fear, Wher - ev - er he may be.

Chapter XIII: Syncopation

The Squirrels

Nathan Haskell Dole

Hungarian Folk Song

Allegretto



1. Jack Frost thro' the woods has passed. Leaves are turn - ing,
 2. Chil - dren hun - ting 'mid the leaves Squir - rels look up -



nuts fall fast. As they go scat-t'ring, Squirrels are
 on as thieves! Chestnuts and wal - nuts, A-corns and



chat-t'ring, Hap - py 'tis har - vest time at last!
 all nuts, Are theirs a - lone, so each be - lieves!

Themes

From *The "New World" Symphony*

Anton Dvořák

Allegro molto



Fairy Revelry

Edward Payson Jackson

Gioachino Rossini

1. What soul thrill - ing song-charm, like sweet sil - ver bells, Rings from
 2. Their rai-ment trans - lu - cent, of light pearl - y hue, Shines in

yon star - lit moorlands a - way down the dells? The fair queen of
 moonlight like cob-webs be - sprayed o'er with dew. With elf - play and

Elf - land has marshalled her ring, And bids all the fair - ies to
 glee - song, so buoy - ant and gay, They dance till the dawnsbreaksand

fro-lic and sing; The queen bids the fair-ies to fro-lic and
drives them a - way; With glee, dance till dawn breaks and drives them a -

D.C.

1 2
sing. way. Yes, they dance till the dawn breaks and drives them a - way.

The Exiles

Ethel B. Howard

Hebrew Melody

Poco lento

For - ward and on - ward, Heav - y with woe,

Foot-sore and wea - ry, Mourning we go. Far from homeland,

Lone - ly, ex-iled band, Wander we on - ward, Heartsick and slow.

The Sandman

Genevieve Fox
From the Dutch

Catharina van Rennes



1. At candle-light I sof - tly come, When lit - tle stars are
2. And when I find a child a - wake, His eyes with sand I



peep - ing, To see if toys are laid a - way And
sprin - kle, Then tuck a dream in his small hand; He



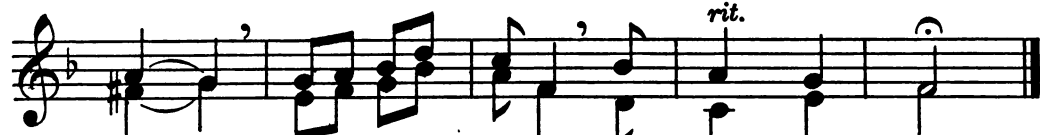
wee folk are sleep - ing.
sleeps in a twin - kle. "Chil - dren, good night! —



Chil - dren, good night!" — Sof - tly I whis - per at



ev - 'ry door. "Chil - dren, good night! Chil - dren, good



night! Slum - ber gen - tly till night is o'er."

PART THREE

Chapter XIV: Miscellaneous Songs in One, Two, and Three Parts

Pippa's Song

Robert Browning

William G. Hammond
Composed for this Series

Con spirito *p*

The year's at the spring And day's at the

p

The year's at the spring And

cresc.

morn; Morn-ing's at sev'n; The hill-side's dew -

day's at the morn; Morn-ing's at sev'n; The

f

pearled; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the

hill-side's dew - pearled; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the

ff *ritard* 3

thorn; God's in His heav'n—All's right with the world!

ff *ritard* 3

The Brook

Ellen Soule

Edward Elgar
Composed for this Series

Allegretto ♩ = 92

PP col. Ped.

p

1. From a foun - tain In a moun - tain, Drops of wa - ter ran —
2. Slow it star - ted; Soon it dar - ted, Cool and clear and free, —
3. Bubbling, sing - ing, Rushing, ring - ing, Fleck'd with shade and sun; —

p

gras - ses;
peb - bles,
brook - let

p

Trickling thro' the	gras - ses;	So our brook	be - gan.
Rippling o - ver	peb - bles,	Hurrying to	the sea.
Soon our pret - ty	brook - let	To the sea	has run.

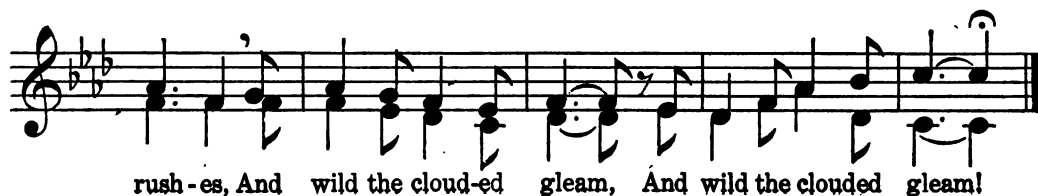
p



Autumn Song

Richard Watson Dixon

Jean Sibelius
Composed for this Series



End of Summer

George Jay Smith
From the German

Max Bruch

p Summer has de - par - ted, Gone are all her flow - ers; Sum - mer, mer-ry

hear - ted, With bright sun - ny hours, With bright sun - ny

C dolce hours. Gol-den-rod and as - ter Fill the fields sere and brown;

Soon, ah, fast and fas - ter Must the leaves come down! _____

Soon, ah, fast and fas - ter Must the leaves come

Summer, does your going Yield but leaves that mold? Nay, down! _____

see o - ver - flow - ing Harvests heap their gold! See

o - ver - flow - ing Har - vests heap their gold! _____

Harvest Slumber Song

William Wilfred Campbell

E. Humperdinck
Composed for this Series

Andantino



1. Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep. Red is the moon in the
2. Soft in the lap of Moth-er Night Wee ba-by stars, all a-
3. Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep. Red is the moon in the



night's still deep; White are the stars with their sil-ver wings
glow and bright, Flut-ter their sil-ver-y wings and crow
night's still deep; Wee ba-by stars all are hushed and kissed,



Fol-ded in dreamings of beau-ti-ful things; And o-ver their
Gen-tly to breez-es that kiss as they blow, — A-round air-y
Fol-ded in cra-dles of lu-mi-nous mist; — If ev-er they



cra-dle the night wind sings; Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep;
cra-dles that swing so low; Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep;
wa-ken the winds cry, "Whist!" Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep;



Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, — Sleep, sleep, sleep!

What I Love

Hugo Kaun

Composed for this Series



The dai-sies white are dear to me; I love their gol-den



eyes. I love the gold of the but-ter-fly And the blue of the



brooks and skies. But when a rose, a lit-tle red rose, Nods to



me from the wall, I say, "O rose, O dear lit-tle rose, I



love you best of all!" I say, "O rose, O dear lit-tle



rose, I love you best of all!"

A Song for Hal

Laura E. Richards
From *In My Nursery*
Copyright, 1890, by Roberts Brothers

Daniel Protheroe
Composed for this Series



1. Once I saw a lit - tle boat, such a pret - ty lit - tle boat, As the
2. All the fish - es were a - sleep, in their caves so cool and deep, When the
3. But just then up jumps the sun, and the fish - es ev - 'ry one For their



morn - ing light the hill was a - dorn - ing; Quickly
rip - ple round my keel flashed a warn - ing. Said the
la - zi - ness at once fell a - mourn - ing. But I



in - to it I jumped and a - way then I did float, Oh, so
min - now to the skate, "We must cer - tain - ly be late, Tho' I
stayed to hear no more, for my boat had reach'd the shore, Oh, so



ve - ry, ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing.
thought 'twas ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing."
ve - ry, ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing.



And ev - 'ry lit - tle wave had its nightcap on, Its nightcap, white cap,

night - cap on; And ev - 'ry lit - tle wave had its
 night-cap on, So ve - ry, ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing.

Roses

Estelle P. Cushman

Estelle P. Cushman

Andantino

Ro-ses, ro - ses ev - 'ry-where Send their fragrance thro' the
 air. Ro - ses red, or white like snow; Dain - ty, pink
 wild ro-ses blow. Ro-ses, ro - ses ev - 'ry-where, In the
 gar - den sweet and fair, Set in leaves so mos - sy
 green. Ev - 'ry rose a fai - ry queen!

The Sea Princess

Max Bruch
Composed for this Series

Andante con moto

mf

1. In a pal - ace of pearl — and sea - weed, Set
2. But be - low, in the qui - et wa - ters, She

cresc.

round with shi - ning shells, — Un - der the deeps of the
bet - ter loves to play, — Mak - ing a gay seaweed

p *f#*

o - cean The lit - tle sea prin - cess dwells. — And
gar - den, All green and pur - ple and gray; — Or

cresc.

when thro' the waves she ris - es, Be - yond the break - ers'
string - ing with pearls a neck - lace, Or learn - ing cu - rious

1 *p* *D*

roar, — She hears the shouts of the chil - dren At

cresc. *poco rit.*

play on the san - dy shore, At play on the san - dy shore!

spells From the wa - ter witch, gray and an - cient, And
 hear-ing the tales she tells, — And hearing the tales she tells.

Summer's Good-by

Elsie Cobb

Reginald de Koven
 Composed for this Series

1. The west wind is cry - ing, "A - way, a - way!" The
 2. The rob - ins are sing - ing, "Good - by, Good - by! Too
 3. The chil - dren are call - ing, "Hur - rah! Hur - rah!" The

south wind is sighing, "Oh stay, oh stay!" But sum-mer is fleeting, and
 long we've been swinging, we fly, we fly!" O'er hill and o'er meadow, thro'
 nuts now are fall-ing, a - far, a - far! The meadows are still-ing, the

autumn is greeting The world with her banners so gay. The
 sunshine and shadow, They wing to the warm southern sky. "Too
 as - ter is fill - ing The earth with her fair pur - ple star. The

south wind is sighing, "Oh stay, oh stay!" The west wind is crying, "A - way, a - way!"
 long we've been swinging; we fly, we fly!" The rob - ins are singing, "Good - by, good - by!"
 nuts now are fall - ing, a - far, a - far! The children are calling, "Hurrah! hurrah!"

Storm at Sea

M. Louise Baum
 From the German

Julius Dürner

1. See the storm wrack drive the sea, Till the waves go ra - ging; Sky and
 2. See the stars are lost to view, Hear the roll - ing thun - der; If the

o - cean fu - rious be, Fierce the bat - tle wa - ging.
rud - der hold not true, Ship and crew go un - der.

Poco andante *f*
Peace, be still, Peace, be still, List to the Word. O - ver the
Trust in God, Trust in God, Lo, for a - far, Out from the

storm - y sea God still is Lord. O Fa - ther, save, O
fly - ing cloud Shines forth a star. Oh, thanks to God, Oh,
pp

Fa - ther, save, And show forth Thy pow'r o'er the wave!
thanks to God, O Lord, Thou hast ru - led the sea!
f

A Trumpet Call of Spring

May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

Allegro

A - wake! A - wake! A - wake! A -

A - wake! A - wake! A -

The slumber of winter must break. The

wake! A - rise! A -

wake! A - rise! O

slumber of winter must break. A - rise! A -

rise! _____ A - rise! _____ O _____

crocus, and o-pen your eyes! _____ A - rise! _____ O _____

rise! _____ A - rise! _____ O _____

f cro - cus, And o - pen your eyes! —

f cro - cus, And o - pen your eyes! —

crocus, and o-pen your eyes, And o - pen your eyes! —

Theme

From *The First Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven

Andante cantabile con moto

The Wind

Robert Louis Stevenson

Victor Herbert
Composed for this Series

1. I saw you toss the kites on high And blow the birds a -
3. O you, that are so strong and cold! O blow - er, are you



bout the sky; And all a-round I heard you pass, Like la-dies' skirts a -
young or old? Are you a beast of field and tree Or just a stron-ger



cross the grass; O wind, a-blow-ing all day long! O wind, that sings so
child than me? O wind, a-blow-ing all day long! O wind, that sings so



loud a song! (*humming*) _____ That



sings so loud a song! _____ So loud a song! _____



2. I saw the dif-fer-ent things you did, But al - ways you your -

self you hid. I felt you push, I heard you call, I
 could not see— your - self at all; O wind, a - blow - ing
 all day long! That sings so loud a song! ——— D.C.

By the Rain

Wallace Rice

C. H. Mills
 Composed for this Series

Andante grazioso

By the rain that fills the day, Dripping, somber skies of
 gray, The love I love has gone a - way. By the
 green - ing grass and tree, Birds with ma-ting mel - o - dy, The



love I love comes back to me. By the suns that sof - tly



shine, All things ten - der, all things fine, My love is here, my



love is mine; My love is here, my love is mine.

The Lavender Beds

William Brighty Rands

Frank van der Stucken
Composed for this Series



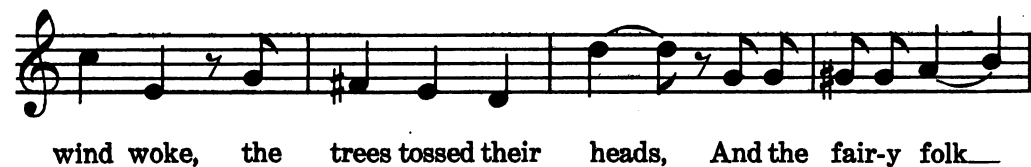
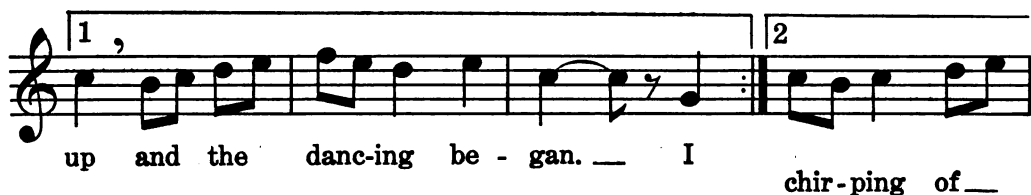
The fair-ies stepped out of the lav - en - der beds, — With
watched them go through with a grave min - u - et; — Wher -



mob - caps or wigs on their quaint lit - tle heads; — My
ev - er they foot - ed the dew was not wet. — They



lord had a sword and my la - dy a fan; — The mu - sic struck
bowed and they cur - tsied, the brave and the fair, — And laughter like



Flowery Omens

Anton Dvořák

Andantino

p

I will my heart's fond wish - es plant; Watch whether Heav'n ful -



fil - ment grant. When I a gol - den tu - lip spy,



Then shall I know that grief is nigh. And if a white rose



o - pens sweet, Come in the twi - light me to greet.



Bloometh a vio - let on my way, Bloometh a vio - let



on my way, Then I shall see thee ev - 'ry day,



Then I shall see — thee ev - 'ry day!

October Song

Frank Walcott Hutt

Rudolph Ganz
Composed for this Series



1. A song, a song of nut-ting time And the brisk Oc - to - ber
2. A song, a song of nut-ting days And the fall skies o - ver-
3. A song, a song of nut-ting paths And the quest that lures us



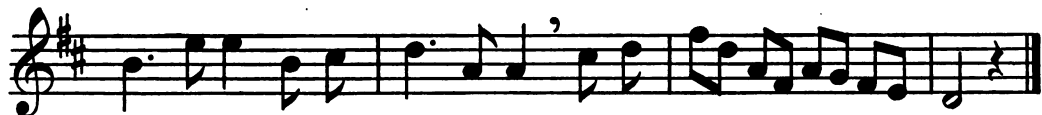
day; The pas - ture romp. and the hill - top climb, And the
head; The bannered leaves and the mar - shalled haze, Where the
on; And, oh, the thrill that the boy heart hath, On the



a - corn - sprin - kled — way. A song, I say, And a
au - tumn tents are — spread. A wood - land glee 'Neath an
first Oc - to - ber — dawn. Then, free and far Where the



roun - de - lay For the jol - ly — nut - ting time; A
old oak tree For the sake of — nut - ting time; A
a - corns are, Down the rare old — nut - ting path; Then,



song, I say, And a roun - de - lay For the jol - ly nut - ting time.
woodland glee 'Neath an old oak tree, For the sake of nut - ting time.
free and far Where the a - corns are, Down the rare old nut - ting path.

Morning

John Fletcher

Arthur Farwell
Composed for this Series

mp

See the day be - gins ___ to break, And the light shoots

mp

p

like ___ a streak Of sub - tle fire; The winds blow cold,

p

mf

While the morn-ing doth ___ un - fold. ___ Now ___ the birds be -

mf

gin to rouse, And the squir - rel

from the boughs Leaps to get his nuts and fruit. The

ear - ly lark, that erst was mute, Car - ols to the

ri - sing day Ma - ny a note and ma - ny a lay.

mf *p* *mf a tempo* *rit.* *p a tempo* *rit.*

Beneath the Lilies

Kate Greenaway

Horatio Parker

Rather slowly

Be - neath the li - lies, tall, white gar - den li - lies, The

Prin - cess slept, a charmed sleep al - way; For - ev - er were the fair - y bluebells

ring - ing, For - ev - er thro' the night _____ and thro' the day. Ere -

long a Prince came ri - ding in the sunshine; A wind just swayed the

li - lies to and fro; He woke the Princess, tho' the blue - bell mu - sic Kept

ring - ing, ring - ing, sleep - i - ly, sleep - i - ly, sleep - i - ly

and low, low, low, _____ low. _____

Chapter XV: Complicated Rhythms

Dragon Flies

May Morgan

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series



A - bove the brook the dra - gon flies, With wings a-quiver, —



play. — A mo - ment here, a mo - ment there, They



pause, and then a - way! — As blue as steel their



gau - zy wings, As swift as thought their flight; — Now



here, now there, then who knows where? They dart like gleams of light.

Lullaby

Frank Dempster Sherman

Charles Villiers Stanford
Composed for this Series

Andantino



1. Slumber, slumber, lit - tle one, now; The bird is a-sleep in his
2. Slumber, slumber, lit - tle one; soon The fair - y will come in the
3. Slumber, slumber, lit - tle one, so; The stars are the pearls that the



nest on the bough; The bird is a-sleep, he has fol - ded his wings —
ship of the moon; The fair - y will come with the pearls and the stars, —
dream fairies know; The stars are the pearls and the bird in the nest, —



_____ And o - ver him sof - tly the dream fair - y sings: —
_____ And dreams will come sing - ing thro' shad - ow - y bars: —
_____ A dear lit - tle fel - low, the fair - ies love best. —



_____ Lul-la - by! lul-la - by! lul-la - by! _____



Pearls in the deep, Stars in the sky, Dreams — in our sleep;

So lul - la - lul - la - by! lul - la - lul - la -

lul - la - lul - la - lul - la - lul - la - by! —

The Scotch Piper

Pauline Frances Camp
Andante

Scotch Folk Song

1. Oc - to-ber's marching down the glen, A bon-ny High-land lad, With
2. He blows up-on his windy pipes And makes them skirl and sing, Till

bonnet plum'd and tar-tan brave Of red and yel-low plaid. The
all the lit-tle leaves are mad To dance the High-land fling! They

lit-tle squirrels bold-ly run And scam-per at his side, But the
whirl and cir-cle when they hear The pi-per's mer-ry din, Till old

tim-id flow-ers droop their heads And run a-way and hide.
Moth-er Win-ter shows her face And stern-ly calls them in.

The Fountain

James Russell Lowell

 Hugo Kaun
Composed for this Series


1. In - to the sun - shine, Full of the light, ____
 2. In - to the star - light, Rush - ing in spray, ____



Leap - ing and flash - ing From morn - ing till night! ____
 Hap - py at mid - night, And hap - py by day! ____



In - to the moonlight, Whi - ter than snow, Wav - ing so flow'r-like,
 Glad of all weath - ers, Still seem - ing best; Up - ward or down - ward,



Wav - ing so flow'r-like, When the winds ____ blow! ____
 Up - ward or down - ward, Mo - tion thy ____ rest! ____



3. Full of a na - ture Nothing can tame, — Changed ev - 'ry moment,



Ev - er the same; — Glo - ri - ous fountain! Let my heart be



Fresh, changeful, constant, Fresh, changeful, constant, Up - ward, like



thee, — Up - ward like thee! —

Themes

From *The Sixth Symphony*

Peter I. Tschaikowsky



From *Das Rheingold*

Richard Wagner



Skating Song

Ephraim Peabody


Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

A - way! a - way! o'er the sheeted ice, A - way, a - way we go! On our


steel-bound feet we move as ___ fleet As ___ deer o'er the Lapland snow.

What tho' the sharp north winds are out, The skater heeds them not. Midst the

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 4/4 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing triplets. The lyrics are placed below the staff, with some words aligned with specific notes. The score is divided into four systems, each with a single staff and its corresponding lyrics.



laugh and shout of the joc - und rout, Gray Win - ter is for - got.



Ladybird

Robert Schumann

Allegretto grazioso



1. Come, la - dy - bird, and — sit you down Up - on my hand, up -
 2. Go, la - dy - bird, fly — home, fly home; 'Tis all on fire; your



on my hand; Be sure I will not harm you, No!
 chil - dren cry So sore - ly, oh, so sore - ly; Cry,



I'll not harm you. I will not harm you, pret - ty dear;
 cry so sore - ly. The cun - ning spi - der spins them in;



Show your ti - ny wings, and nev - er fear; Ti - ny wings to me are pleasing.
 Fly, O la - dy - bird, fly home, fly home To your children, crying sorely.

The Southland

Margaret Aliona Dole

W. A. Mozart
Duet from *Don Juan*

Andante

Boys dolce

Down by the South Sea is - lands The winds blow warm all day;



There in the sparkling waters The fly - ing fish - es play. Oft of the South I'm



dreaming; I rock in a pearl-lined boat; O - ver the ripples gleaming, Like



mermaid there I__ float, Like mermaid gen - tly float. Come, to the South we'll



has - ten; Bright are the flow'rs and the sky. Swift o'er the clear, shining




wa - ters. Swift to the South let us fly!__ To the South let us




fly!__ To the South let us fly! To find the is - lands!

Girls
p




Green, blue, and sil - ver wa - ters, Oh, why are you so far?

Boys cresc. *Girls*



Come, let us fol - low a star! "Twill lead to the South-land a - far.

Girls



Boys

Come, let us fol - low a star! To the South - land a - far!

Yea and Nay

Frederick H. Martens
From the Norwegian

Norwegian Folk Song

Allegretto



When O - le asked for Kris-ti-na's hand, She answered, "Nay," and 'twas thus they



par - ted. Since this was not what his heart had planned, Of course it



left him quite bro - ken - hear - ted; Un - til his moth - er to him did



say, — "Go back and ask her an-oth - er day, — She'll then say 'Yea!'"

Jack Frost

Kate Louise Brown

H. Clough-Leigher
Composed for this Series

p *mp* *pochiso rit.* *mp* *rall.* *mf* *Allegro scherzando* *f* *f* *2* *2*

Now who comes stealing thro' the night, With ti - ny fin - gers
cold and light; Who pin - ches flow - ers on the sly, And
makes the trem - bling gras - ses die? Oh,
it is Jack, the Fros - ty Elf, Who smiles so sly - ly
to — him - self, And says, "I'll have a lot — of fun; My
work, my work is just be - gun!"



Who is it, in the mid-night hush, Makes all the ma-ple
pochiso rit.



fin-gers blush? Who clothes the brook in i - cy mail, And powders o - ver
Allegro scherzando



fence and rail? Oh, it is Jack, the Frosty Elf, Who smiles so sly - ly



to himself, And says, "I'll have a lot of fun; My work, my work is just begun!"

Theme

From *The Symphony in C*
Andante con moto

Franz Schubert



The Boys' Song

Seymour Barnard
From the French

Georges Bizet

Allegro

mf



Chests thrown forward, Eyes to right; Peace-ward, war-ward, March in might;



Stout, stur-dy, Stea-dy we come; Ra-ta, the trumpet, B-r-r-um the drum!



Heads e - rec - tly, Arms held down; Now cor - rec - tly Thro' the town.



Guide right, here! Look to the line! Hie! sol-diers, That was fine!



Now o-blique-ly, Now to rear; How the weak-ly Stum-ble here!



Fours, right! Then, Com-pa-ny, wheel! Now for skir-mish, Front rank, kneel!



Forward, sing-ing As we go! Cymbals ring-ing, Bu-gles blow!.



Shrill, shrill - er, Fi - fers have come; Brum-ta-da-boom-boom Beats the drum!



Brum-ta-da-boom-ta-da - br-r-r-um! Oh, the boys' own brigade has come! We have



come, We have come, Oh, the boys' own brigade has come! _____



Brum-ta-da-boom-ta-da - br-r-r-um! Undismay'd, the brigade has come! Who's a -



fraid? Who's a - afraid? Who's a - afraid? The brigade has come!



Taps have sounded, Night has come; Still the trumpet, Still the drum;



Si - lent the fi - fer, Si - lent he; Sleep, fi - fer, Sleep, drummer,




Sleep till the re - veil - le. Ra - ta - ta - teel


Choral Song of Illyrian Peasants

Samuel Taylor Coleridge


Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series




1. Up! Up! ye dames, ye las - ses gay! To the mea - dows trip a -
2. Come, leave the hearth and leave the house To the cric - ket and the



way. 'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn, And scare the small birds
mouse. Find gran - nam out a sun - ny seat, With babe and lamb - kin



'Tis you must tend the flocks, And
Find gran - nam out a seat, With





from the corn. Not a soul at home must stay; _____ For the
at her feet. Not a soul at home must stay; _____ For the



scare the birds. Not a soul at home must stay, at home must
babe and lamb. Not a soul at home must stay, at home must



shepherds must go___ with lance and bow___ To hunt___ the wolf,___ The



stay; For the shep - herds must go to hunt the wolf,___ The



wolf in the woods to - day;___ To hunt the wolf to - day. —



Come, Dance with Me

Alice C. D. Riley

Neapolitan Folk Song



Dance with me, ah, — come and dance with me!
Dance with me, ah, — come and dance with me!



Light, ah, light and fleet of foot are we. Trip it, come, ah, come and
Bend, ah, bend the head and bow the knee. Right and left, ah, what a



trip it fleet, Danc - ing__light on will - ing feet.
jol - ly row! Up and__down the line we go.



Up on your tip - toes now and pir - ou - ette!



Sway like a bird a - bout to fly!_____ Down with your curtsy now, a



gay co - quette; Smile demure and downcast eye!

Chapter XVI: Modulations to Remote Keys

A Morning Song

Anna M. Pratt

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari

Composed for this Series

Andante



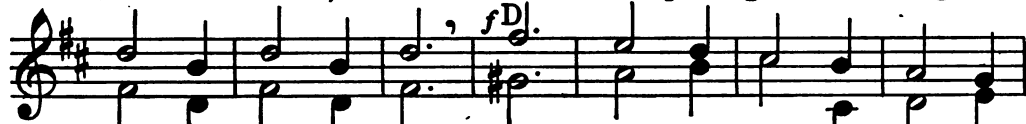
1. When stars are mel-ting in the sky, Be - fore the ro - sy
2. When wa - king birds are on the wing, And mat - in songs re -



dawn; — When myr - iad sparkling dewdrops lie Like dia - monds
peat, — Till woods and fields and up - lands ring With car - ols



on the lawn; — When flee - cy clouds go floa - ting by, And
clear and sweet; — When all the op - 'ning blos - soms fling Their



gol - den glo - ries wear, Then, oh, my girl, and hey, my
fra - grance on the air, Then, oh, my boy, and hey, my



girl, The ear - ly morn is fair! Then, oh, my girl, and
boy, The ear - ly morn is fair! Then, oh, my boy, and



hey, my girl, The ear - ly morn — is fair! —
hey, my boy, The ear - ly morn — is fair! —

A Child's Fancy

Miriam S. Clark

John E. West
Composed for this Series

mp

When the day is near-ly o-ver and the shad-ows all are
moth-er-ly old wil-low grow-ing close against the

cresc.

gray, There's a place in fa-ther's gar-den where I dear-ly love to
wall, And I climb up in her branches, knowing well I can-not

cresc.

stay; For I'm tired of all my les-sons, and I'm wea-ry of my
fall; For she rocks me ve-ry sof-tly in her gen-tle loving

dim. poco riten. p

play, When the day is nearly o-ver, and the shad-ows
way, When the day is nearly o-ver, and the shad-ows

1 2 G

p

all are gray. There's a
all are gray. Sof-tly to her leaves and

pa

branches come the breez-es of the night, And they sing me songs of

dream-land in the dim and restful light. "Sleep and slum - ber,

sleep and slum - ber, lit - tle child," — they seem to say;

"Sleep and slumber, sleep and slumber, For the day is nearly

o - ver, — and the shad - ows all are gray." —

Greeting

Maud Wilder Goodwin

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Andante

1. Cric - kets chirp the whole night long; Reapers' scythes are swing - ing;
2. From a cot - tage can - dles shine; Hap - py friends are mee - ting;

In my heart an autumn song Mer - ri - ly is ring - ing.
En - ter lit - tle song of mine, Bear them love and gree - ting.

Daybreak

Nellie Poorman
From the Spanish
Allegretto

G. Calzolari



1. Dark-ness is ban-ished; Night stars have van-ished;
2. Stream-lets are flow-ing; Bright dew-drops glow-ing;



Soft clouds are flush-ing, Hills faintly blush-ing; Larks upward soar-ing,
Soft breez-es wan-der, Hither and yonder; Nests are for-sa-ken,



Glad song out-pour-ing, Her-alds of the morn-ing, They
Birds all a-wa-ken, Sing-ing songs of glad-ness To



hail the god of day; Who com-eth a-dorn-ing The
greet the com-ing day. No place now for sad-ness; In



earth with ro-sy light, Clo-thing all in splendor bright; Ah! _____
val-ley and on hill Glow-ing na-ture is a-thrill; Ah! _____



Un - fold, ye flow - ers; Make sweet the bow - ers;
Ec - sta - tic pleas - ure, No one can meas - ure;



Wake, wake, pro - claim the re - gal sway Of glo - rious day!
Ah, yes, with joy we greet the day, The glo - rious day!

Pouts and Smiles

Nathan Haskell Dole
Paraphrased from a Dutch Song Game

Catharina van Rennes



1. Ma - ry, what ails you, dear? Why are you pou - ting? Frowns on your
2. Ma - ry, how cross you are! An - ger is fear - ful! Tantrums like
3. Ma - ry, come dance and sing, Join our gay meas - ure! Whirl with the



face ap - pear, All sun - shine rou - ting! Wipe off that naughty tear,
these will mar Hours bright and cheer - ful; They leave an an - gry scar,
mer - ry ring, Laugh and give pleas - ure! Pique is a fool - ish thing,



Ma - ry, Ma - ry! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



la! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

The Green World

Annie Willis McCullough

Vincent d'Indy
Composed for this Series



1. It's such a green and sun - ny world Out where the spring things grow,
2. The sunshine plates the world with gold; Blossoms pour out their scent;



Out where the blos - som branches sway, And where wild ro - ses blow! — The
Breezes play tunes that make you dance As if a waltz were meant. — The



birds are sing - ing cho - ru - ses in ev - 'ry way - side tree, — And
brook flings out ca - res - sing arms Where ferns and mos - ses thrive; — It's



there's so much that's won - der - ful To smell, and hear, and see! —
such a green and sun - ny world I'm glad to be a - live! —

Theme

From *The B minor (unfinished) Symphony*
Allegro Moderato

Franz Schubert



A Suggestion for a Happy New Year

Mary Mapes Dodge

Homer N. Bartlett
Composed for this Series

Sup - pose we think lit - tle a - bout num - ber one; Sup -

pose we all help someone else to have fun; Sup - pose we ne'er speak of the

faults of a friend; Sup - pose we are ready our own to a - mend; Sup -

pose we laugh with and not at oth - er folk; And nev - er hurt a - ny - one

just for a joke; Sup - pose we hide trouble, and show on - ly cheer: 'Tis

like - ly we'll have quite a Hap - py New Year; 'Tis like - ly we'll

have quite a Hap - py New Year!

Chapter XVII: Contrapuntal Style

Apollo's Cows

CANON

Florence C. Fox

Peter Christian Lutkin

Composed for this Series

A - pol - lo's cows, the long day thro', A - way 'up in — the

The first system of the musical score for 'Apollo's Cows'. It consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. The lyrics 'A - pol - lo's cows, the long day thro', A - way 'up in — the' are placed below the first staff. The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'A - pol - lo's cows, the long day thro', A -'.

sky, — Go wand'ring o'er their field of blue, Or

'way up in — the sky, — Go wan-d'ring o'er their

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics 'sky, — Go wand'ring o'er their field of blue, Or' are placed below the first staff, and ''way up in — the sky, — Go wan-d'ring o'er their' are placed below the second staff.

in their mea - dow lie. — When Her - mes comes, with

field of blue, Or in their mea - dow lie. — When

The third system of the musical score. It continues the melody. The lyrics 'in their mea - dow lie. — When Her - mes comes, with' are placed below the first staff, and 'field of blue, Or in their mea - dow lie. — When' are placed below the second staff.

fly - ing feet, And milks them on _ his way _ And the

Her - mes comes, with fly - ing feet, And milks them on _ his

drops are fall - ing in our street, "It rains," the chil - dren

way _ And the drops are fall - ing in our street, "It

say; _ "It rains, it rains," the chil - dren say. _

rains," the chil - dren say; _ "It rains," the chil - dren say. _

Turn Again, Whittington

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round

I II III

Turn a-gain, Whittington, Thou worthy ci - ti - zen; Lord Mayor of London.

The Swing

Robert Louis Stevenson

Julius Röntgen
Composed for this Series

1. How do you like to go up in a swing?
 2. Up in the air — and o - ver the wall,
 3. Till I look down on the gar - den green,

How do you like to go up in a
 Up in the air — and o - ver the
 Till I look down on the gar - den

Up in the air so blue? Oh, I do think it the
 Till I can see so wide, Riv - ers and trees — and
 Down on the roofs so brown; Up in the air I go

swing? Up in the air so blue? Oh, I do
 wall, Till I can see so wide, Riv - ers and
 green, Down on the roofs so brown; Up in the

pleasantest thing, Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
 cat - tle and all, Riv - ers and trees — and cat - tle and all,
 fly - ing a - gain, Up in the air I go fly - ing a - gain,

think it the pleasantest thing, Oh, I do think it the pleasantest
 trees — and cat - tle and all, Riv - ers and trees and cat - tle and
 air I go fly - ing a - gain, Up in the air I go fly - ing a -

p *cresc.* *f*

Ev - er a child, ev - er a child can do!
 Riv - ers and trees o - ver the coun - try - side;
 Up in the air, up in the air and down!

p *cresc.* *f*

thing all, gain, Ev - er a child, ev - er a child can do!
 Riv - ers and trees o - ver the coun - try - side;
 Up in the air, up in the air and down!

Good Wishes

THREE-PART CANON

Anna G. Whitmore
From the German

W. A. Mozart

Allegro ♩ = 126

mf

Cheerful heart and courage bold; Bright, sun-ny hours and happiness un -

mf

Cheer - ful heart and courage bold; Bright, sunny hours and

mf

Cheer - ful heart and courage bold; Bright,



told; These, oh these, dear friend, be — e'er thy lot. Live at



happiness un - told; These, oh these, dear friend, be e'er thy lot.



sunny hours and hap - pi - ness un - told; These, oh these, dear friend, be



peace with all man - kind and sor - row not! Live at — peace and sorrow not!



Live at peace with all man - kind and sorrow not, sor - row not!



e'er thy lot. Live at peace with all man - kind and sorrow not!

In Life if Love We Know Not

CANON IN THE FOURTH BELOW

Friedrich V. Bodenstedt

Carl Reinecke

Allegretto



In life if love we know not, 'Tis as vines where tendrils



In life if love we know not,



grow not; In life if faith a - bound not, 'Tis as



'Tis as vines where tendrils grow not; In life if faith a -



vines where grapes are found not, are found not,



bound not, 'Tis as vines where grapes are found not, are

As vines where grapes are found not.

found not, As vines where grapes are found not.

f If then of all, all fate be - reave thee,

f If then of all, all fate be -

These two be - ware ___ it leave thee,

reave thee, These two be - ware ___ it leave thee,

p These two be - ware ___ it leave thee. *mf* In

p *calando* These two be - ware ___ it leave thee.

a tempo

life if love we know not, 'Tis as vines where tendrils

mf

In life if love we know not,

f

grow not; In life if faith a-bound not, 'Tis as

'Tis as vines where tendrils grow not; In life if faith a-

dim. *p*

vines where grapes — are found not, are found not,

p *dolce*

bound not, 'Tis as vines where grapes — are found not, are

As vines where grapes are found — not.

found not, As vines where grapes are found not.

Winter Longing

Wilhelm Peterson-Berger



Floa - ting thro' the sky, And my heart was sing - ing brigh - tly.
Soon will bring a - gain All the mer - ry sum - mer pleas - ure.

pp

Then good - by, good - by, Drear - y win - ter sky,

mf *p*

Frost and cold and wic - ked weath - er. — Sunbeams kind and warm

f 2

Soon will work a charm; Snow and grief will melt to - geth - er!

The Joys of Summer

Miriam Clark Potter
From the Dutch

Catharina van Rennes

mf

1. I love the warm sum - mer, With beau - ti - ful days, — For then I may
2. The flow'rs in the mea - dow, That sway as I pass, — The fish in the

cresc.

wan - der In out - of - door plays. The sun is so gol - den, The garden so
riv - er, The sheep in the grass, The bird as it car - ols, The bee as it

f *dim.*

fair; — The breeze comes to meet me, And blows in my hair. —
hums; — They wel - come the sum - m'èr As soon as it comes! —

Sweet Repose is Reigning Now

Jules Benedict

Andantino *p*

1. Sweet repose is reigning now,
2. As the buds their petals close,

Lul-la-by, — lul - la - by, — La la la la la la lul - la - by, —

cresc.

So my ba - by, slumber thou.
Shut thine eyes in sweet re - pose.

Nothing save the wind we
When the beams of morning

cresc.

La la la la la la la la lul-la-by, — La la la la la la

f *ff* *p*

hear, break, Murmur - ing, — then slum-ber, dear. Lul - la -
Then thine eyes — like flow'rs shall wake. Lul - la -

ff

la la lul-la-by, — La la la la la la lul - la - by, — La la

by, lul - la - by, Slum - ber,

lul - la - by, La la lul - la - by, La la

slum - ber, slum - ber, dear.

la la la la La la lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

Themes

From *The Fifth Symphony*

Peter I. Tschaikowsky

Andante Cantabile

I

From *Die Walküre*

Richard Wagner

II

E_b

f

p

G

The Cuckoo Clock

M. Louise Baum
From the German

Albert Schröder

mf

1. Oft in the green - wood I've heard you call - ing,
 2. Out of the clock there you ligh - tly flut - ter.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo!

Cuck . - oo!

Cuckoo!

Now you've a rooftop tree, for
Daytime or nighttime your

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

The image shows a musical score for a song titled "The Cuckoo Song". It consists of two staves of music, both in the treble clef and key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the lyrics are written below it. The lower staff contains a bass line. The lyrics are: "snows are falling, cry you ut-ter. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Cuckoo!". The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

sn^ows are fall^{ing}, cry you ut-ter. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo!

Cuck - oo! Cuckoo!

p *D*
Ah, though on — vale and hill Bird voices to —
Wise cuck - oo, — answer me How ma - ny my

p *mp*
day are still, Joy - ful - ly here you
years shall be; Ah, if you count me

mf
count the hours, As you used to do in sum - mer
but a score, I will add my - self a hun - dred

p
bow'rs. Cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck -
more. Cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck -

oo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuck - oo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuck - oo! cuckoo!

In the Garden

May Morgan

Arthur Foote
Composed for this Series

Gracefully

1. If be-hind the gar - den wall — Fra-grant flow - ers
2. If in gar-dens of the heart — Love-ly spir - its

1. If be-hind the gar - den wall — Fra-grant, fra - grant flow - ers
2. If in gar-dens of the heart — Love-ly, love - ly spir - its

grow, Peo - ple pas - sing may not see, — But they
dwell, Of their pres - ence not a word — Need the

grow, Peo - ple pas - sing — may — not see, But they
dwell, Of their pres - ence — not — a word Need the



al - ways, but they al - ways know. _____ Ev - 'ry - where _____ up -
spir - its, need the spir - its tell. _____ Ev - 'ry - one _____ who



al - ways, but they al - ways, al - ways know. _____ Ev - 'ry - where up -
spir - its, need the love - ly spir - its tell. _____ Ev - 'ry - one who



on the air _____ Sweetest per - fumes blow; _____
pas - ses by _____ Feels their gra - cious spell; _____



on _____ the air _____ Sweetest per - fumes blow; _____
pas - ses by _____ Feels their gra - cious spell; _____



Ev - 'ry - where up - on the air _____ Sweetest per - fumes blow. _____
Ev - 'ry - one who pas - ses by _____ Feels their gra - cious spell. _____



He Shall Feed His Flock

From *The Messiah*

George Frederick Handel



He ____ shall feed His flock like a shep - herd, and



He ____ shall gath - er the lambs ____ with His arm,



with ____ His arm; ____ and car - ry ____ them ____



in His bos - om, and gen - tly lead ____ those that ____



are ____ with young; and gen - tly lead, ____ and



gen - tly lead ____ those that are ____ with young. ____

PART FOUR: PATRIOTIC AND DEVOTIONAL SONGS

Come, Thou Almighty King

F. de Giardini



1. Come, Thou Al - migh - ty King! Help us Thy name to sing;
 2. Come, Thou All - gra - cious Lord, By heav'n and earth a - dored!
 3. Nev - er from us — de - part; Rule Thou in ev - 'ry heart,



Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy chil - dren bless; Give Thy good -
 Hence ev - er - more. Thy sov'reign maj - es - ty May we in



to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
 word suc - cess; Make Thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scend.
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

Portuguese Hymn

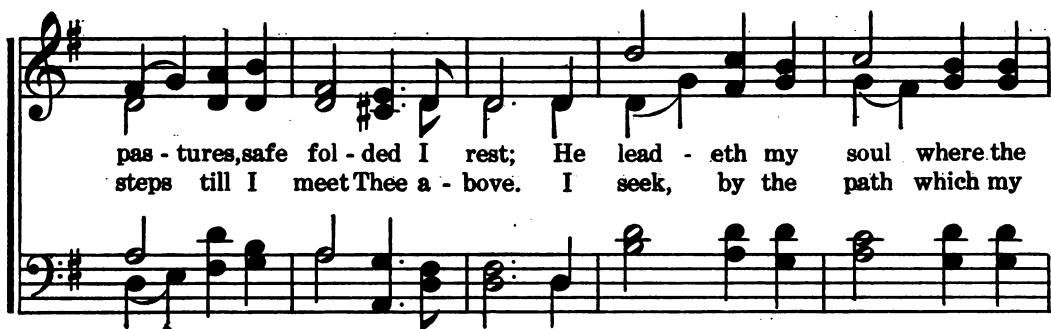
ADESTES FIDELES

James Montgomery

John Reading (?)



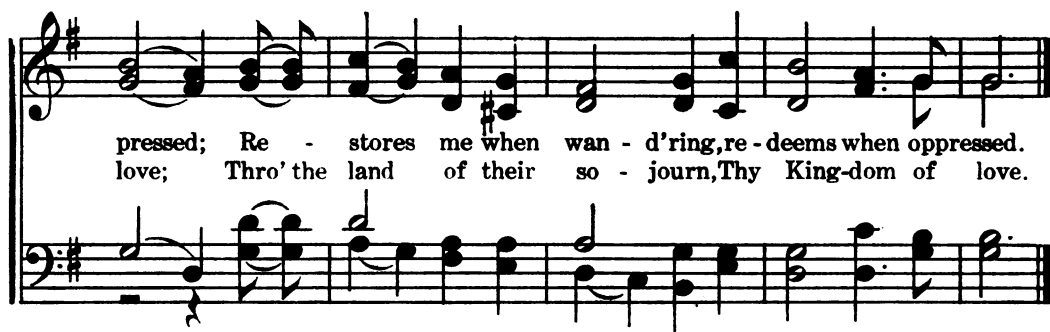
1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my



pas-tures, safe fol-ded I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
steps till I meet Thee a-bove. I seek, by the path which my



still waters flow; — Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op-
fore-fathers trod, — Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy Kingdom of

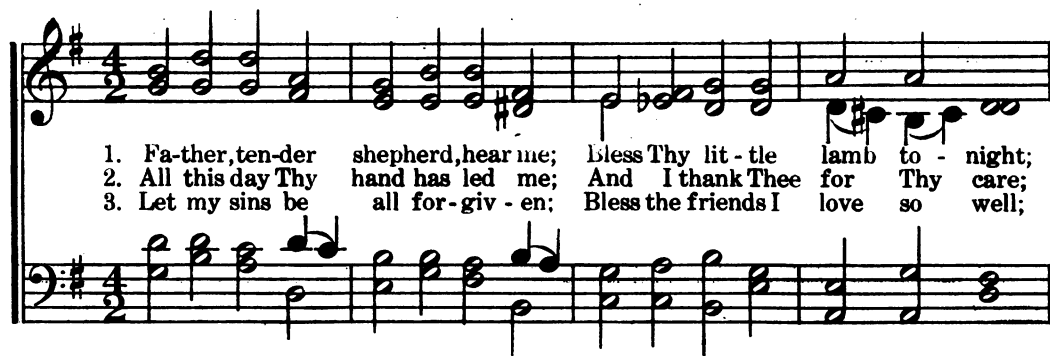


pressed; Re - stores me when wan - d'ring, re - deems when oppressed.
love; Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy King - dom of love.

Children's Hymn

Mrs. M. L. Duncan

Horatio Parker



1. Fa - ther, ten - der shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me; And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;

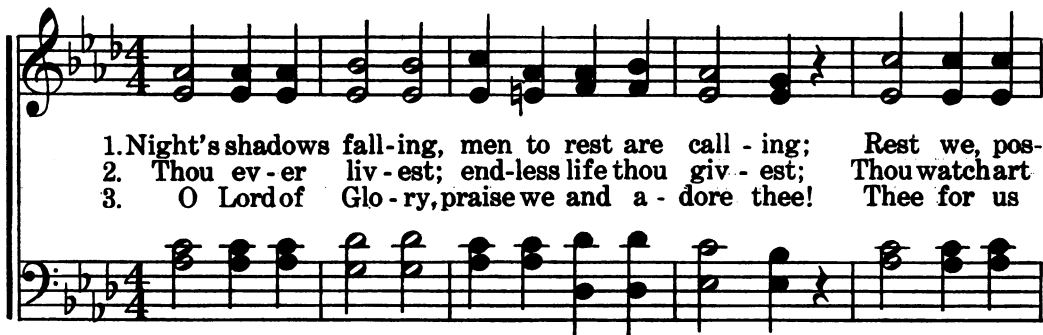


Thro' the darkness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till mor - ning light.
Thou hast warm'd me, cloth'd and fed me; Lis - ten to — my eve - ning pray'r.
Take us all at last to heaven; Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

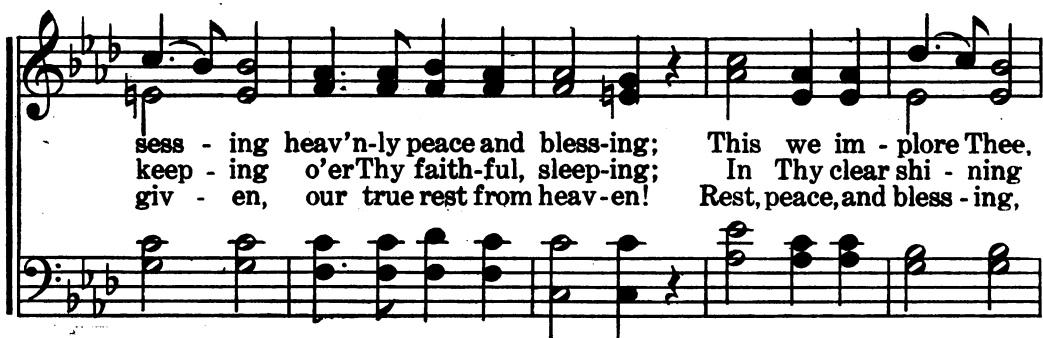
Integer Vitae

Arthur Tozer Russell

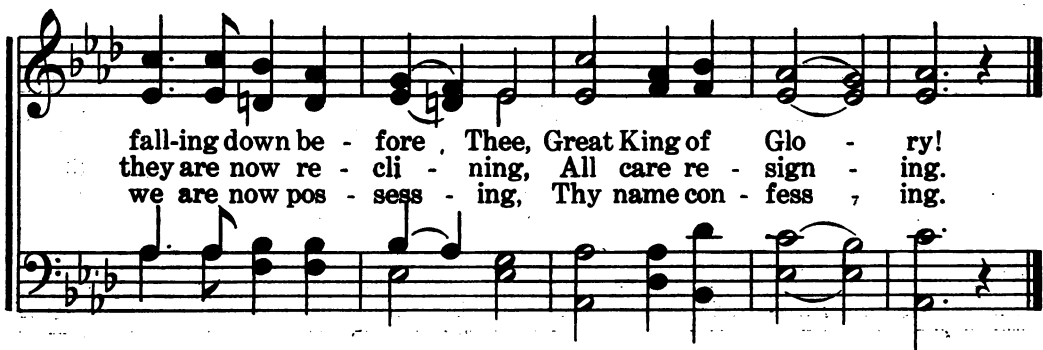
Friedrich Ferdinand Flemming



1. Night's shadows fall-ing, men to rest are call - ing; Rest we, pos-
 2. Thou ev - er liv - est; end-less life thou giv - est; Thou watchart
 3. O Lord of Glo - ry, praise we and a - dore thee! Thee for us



sess - ing heav'n-ly peace and bless-ing; This we im - plore Thee.
 keep - ing o'er Thy faith-ful, sleep-ing; In Thy clear shi - ning
 giv - en, our true rest from heav-en! Rest, peace, and bless - ing,



fall-ing down be - fore Thee, Great King of Glo - ry!
 they are now re - cli - ning, All care re - sign - ing.
 we are now pos - sess - ing, Thy name con - fess - ing.

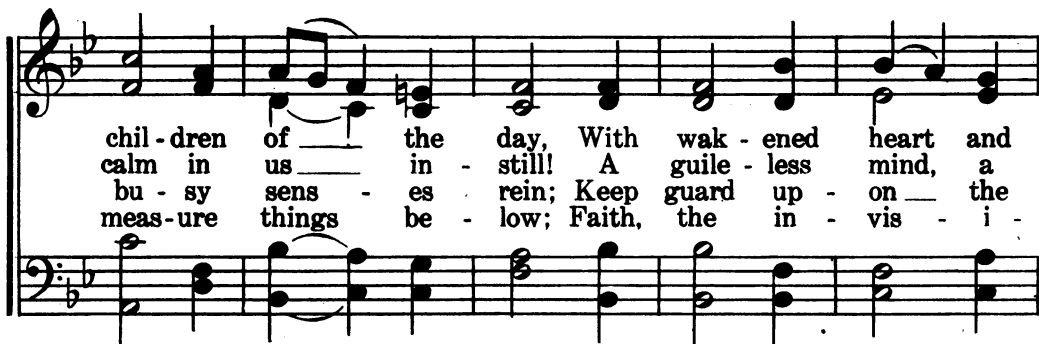
Now with Creation's Morning Song

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, (5th century)

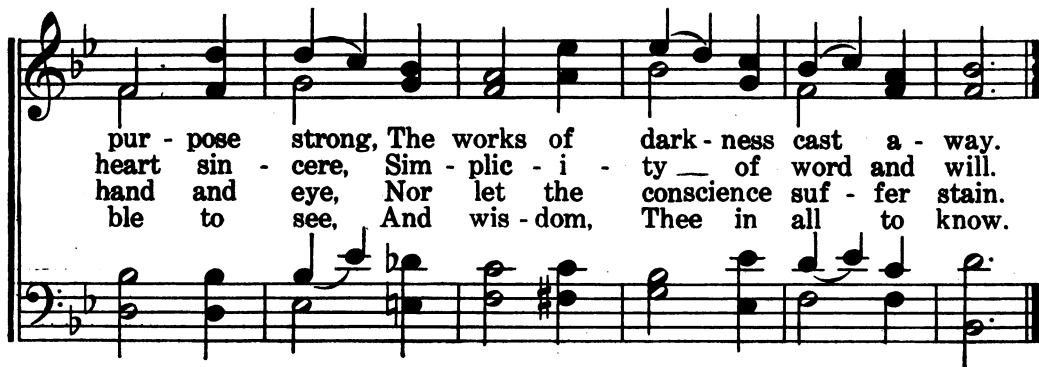
Ludwig van Beethoven



1. Now with cre - a - tion's morn - ing song Let us, as
 2. Oh, may the morn, so pure, so clear, Its own sweet
 3. And ev - er, as the day — glides by, May we . the
 4. Grant us, O God, in love — to Thee, Clear eyes to



chil - dren of — the day, With wak - ened heart and
 calm in us — in - still! A guile - less mind, a
 bu - sy sens - es rein; Keep guard up - on — the
 meas - ure things be - low; Faith, the in - vis - i -

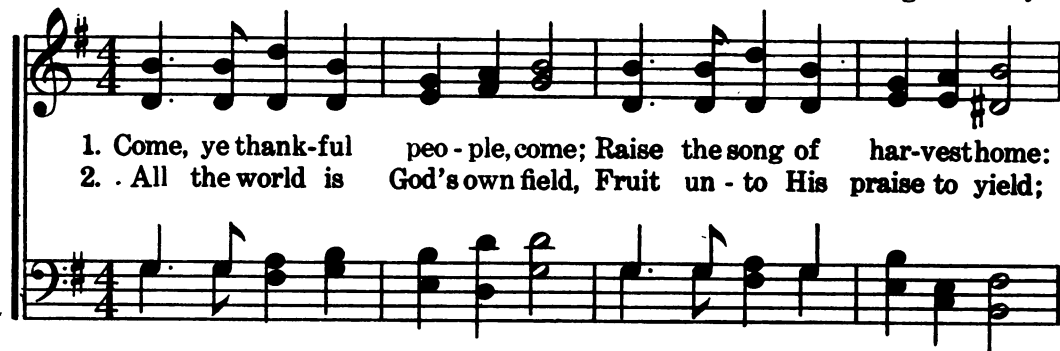


pur - pose strong, The works of dark - ness cast a - way.
 heart sin - cere, Sim - plic - i - ty — of word and will.
 hand and eye, Nor let the conscience suf - fer stain.
 ble to see, And wis - dom, Thee in all to know.

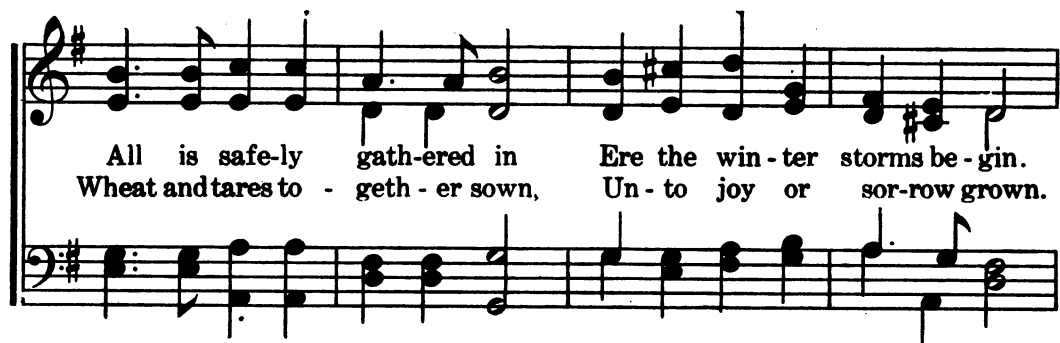
The Joy of Harvest

Henry Alford

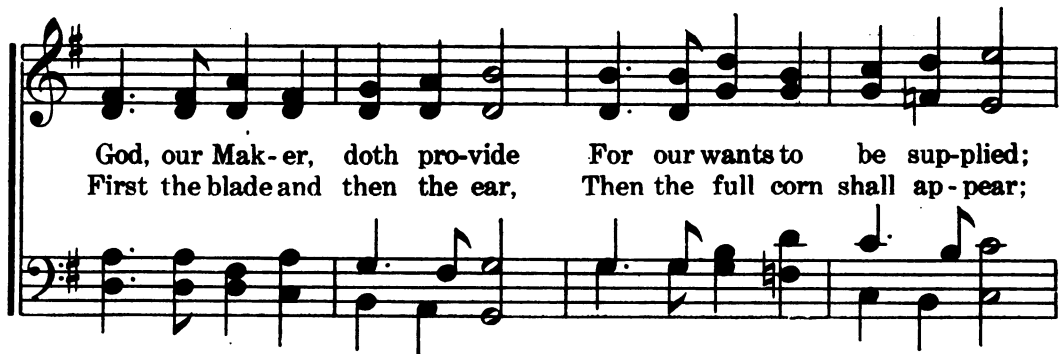
George J. Elvey



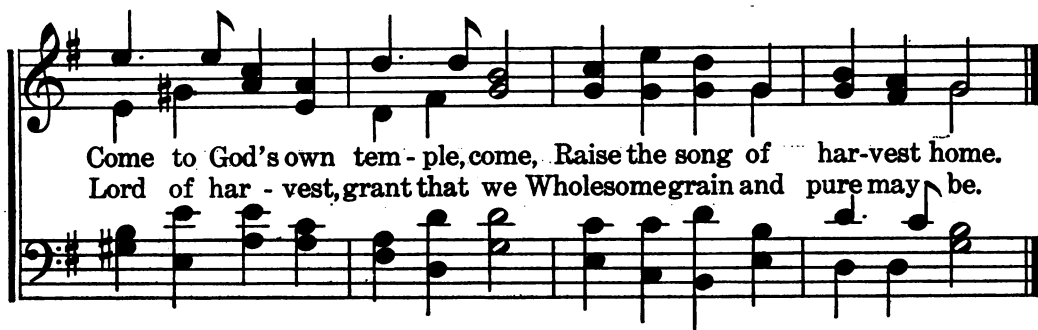
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home:
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;



All is safe-ly gath-ered in Ere the win-ter storms be-gin.
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown.



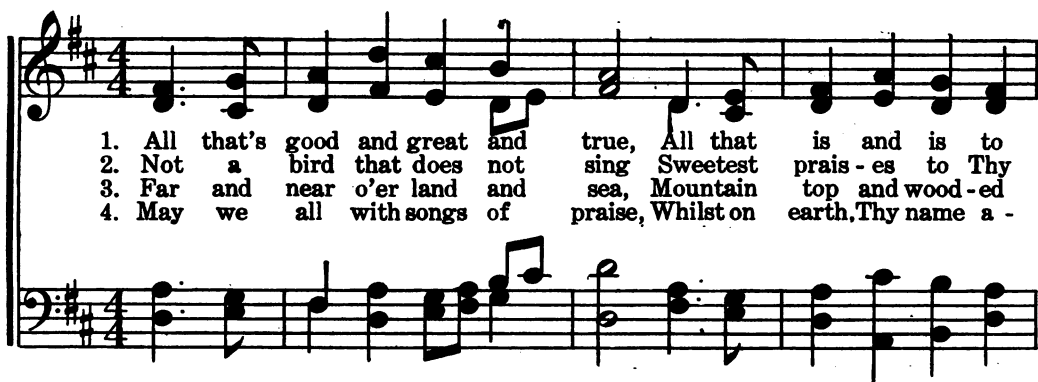
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
 First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear;




Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home.
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.

All That's Good and Great

Godfrey Thring



1. All that's good and great and true, All that is and is to
 2. Not a bird that does not sing Sweetest prais - es to Thy
 3. Far and near o'er land and sea, Mountain top and wood - ed
 4. May we all with songs of praise, Whilst on earth, Thy name a -

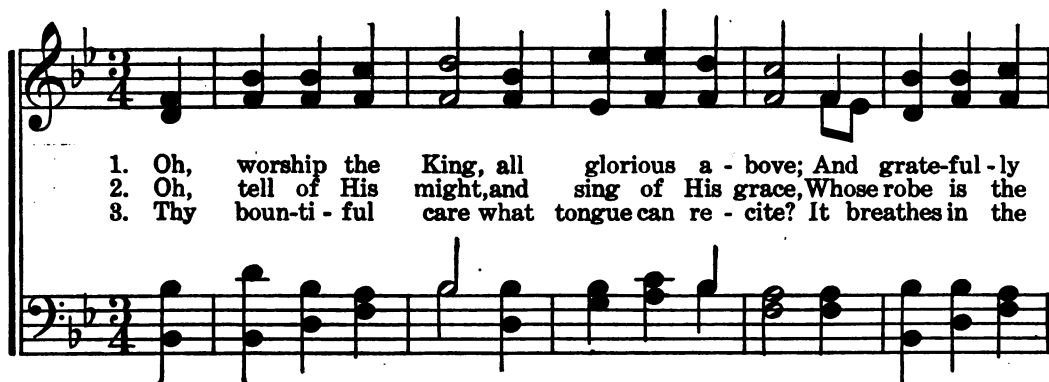


be, Be it old or be it new, Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.
 name; Not an in - sect on the wing But thy won - ders doth proclaim.
 dell, All in sing - ing sing of Thee, Songs of love in - ef - fa - ble.
 dore, Till with an - gel choirs we raise Songs of praise for - ev - er - more.

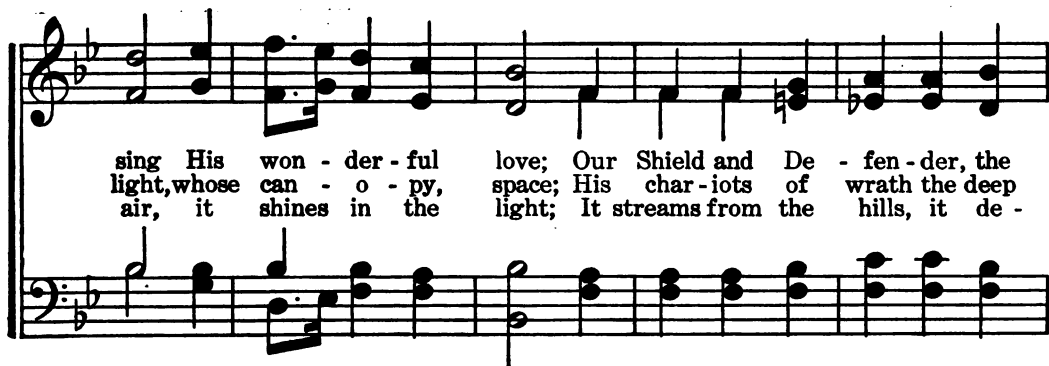
Oh, Worship the King

Robert Grant

Franz Joseph Haydn



1. Oh, worship the King, all glorious a - bove; And grate-ful-ly
 2. Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the



sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fen - der, the
 light, whose can - o - py, space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
 air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de -

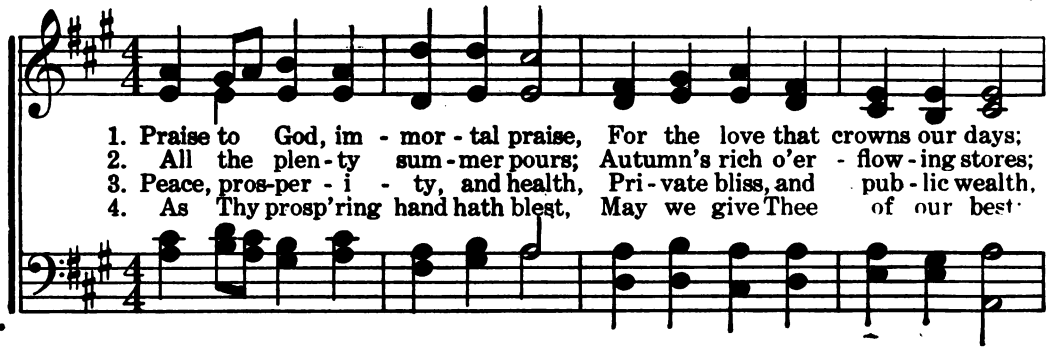


Ancient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splendor, and gir - ded with praise.
 thunder clouds form; And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.

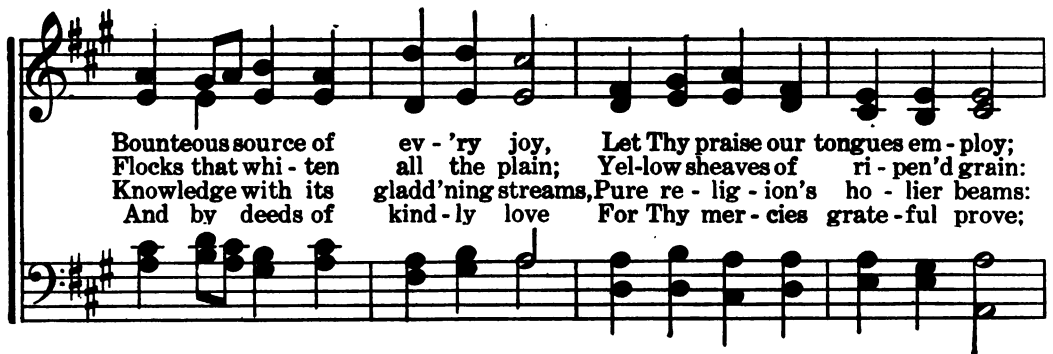
Praise to God, Immortal Praise

Anna L. Barbauld

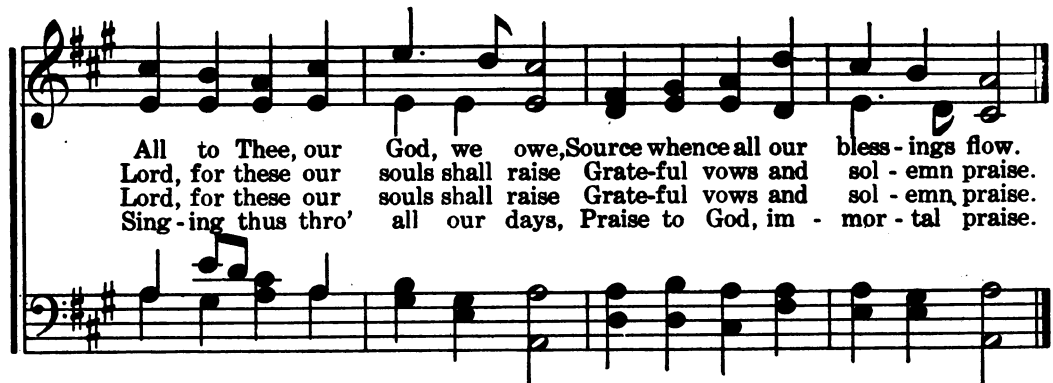
Conrad Kocher



1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
 2. All the plen - ty sum - mer pours; Autumn's rich o'er - flow - ing stores;
 3. Peace, pros - per - i - ty, and health, Pri - vate bliss, and pub - lic wealth,
 4. As Thy prosp'ring hand hath blest, May we give Thee of our best



Bounteous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy;
 Flocks that whi - ten all the plain; Yel - low sheaves of ri - pen'd grain:
 Knowledge with its gladd'ning streams, Pure re - lig - ion's ho - lier beams:
 And by deeds of kind - ly love For Thy mer - cies grate - ful prove;

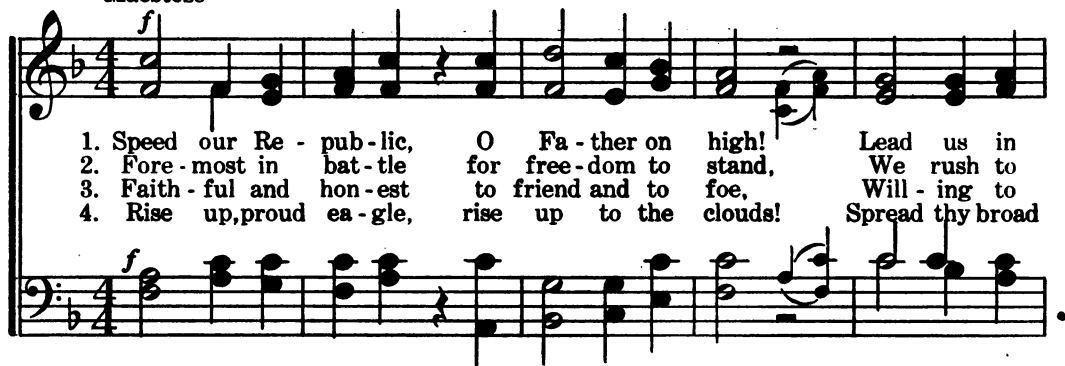


All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow.
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.
 Sing - ing thus thro' all our days, Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise.

The American Hymn

Matthias Keller
Maestoso

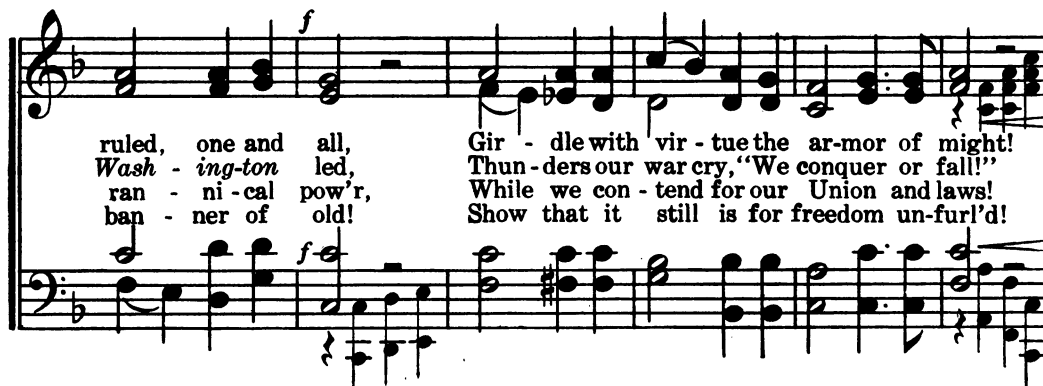
Matthias Keller



1. Speed our Re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high! Lead us in
 2. Fore - most in bat - tle for free - dom to stand, We rush to
 3. Faith - ful and hon - est to friend and to foe, Will - ing to
 4. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds! Spread thy broad



path - ways of jus - tice and right! Rul - ers as well as the
 arms when a - roused by its call; Still, as of yore when George
 die in hu - man - i - ty's cause, Thus we de - fy all ty -
 wings o'er this fair western world! Fling from thy beak our dear



ruled, one and all, Gir - dle with vir - tue the ar - mor of might!
 Wash - ing - ton led, Thun - ders our war cry, "We conquer or fall!"
 ran - ni - cal pow'r, While we con - tend for our Union and laws!
 ban - ner of old! Show that it still is for freedom un - fur - l'd!

ff *mf*

Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Rul - ers as
 Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Still, as of
 Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Thus we de -
 Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Fling from thy

cresc. *f*

well as the ruled, one and all, Gir - dle with vir - tue the
 yore when George Wash - ing-ton led, Thun - ders our war cry, "We
 fy all ty - ran - ni-cal pow'r, While we con - tend for our
 beak our dear ban - ner of old! Show that it still is for

cresc. *f*

ff

ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
 conquer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
 Un - ion and laws! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
 freedom un - fur'd! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

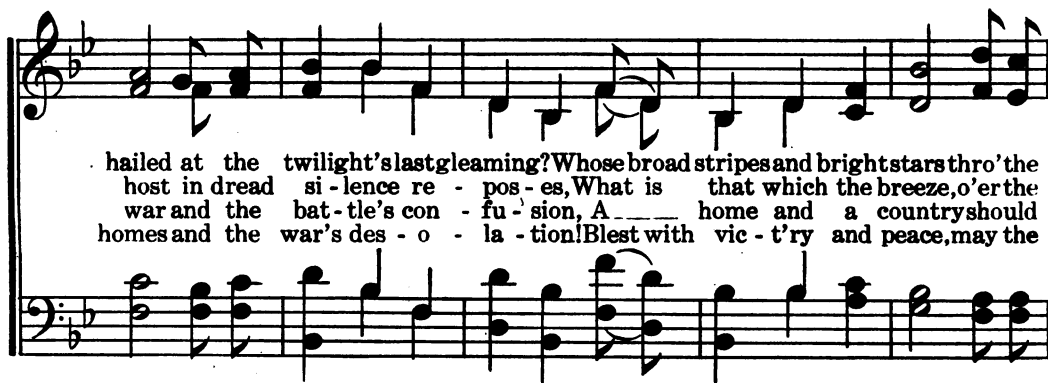
The Star-Spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key

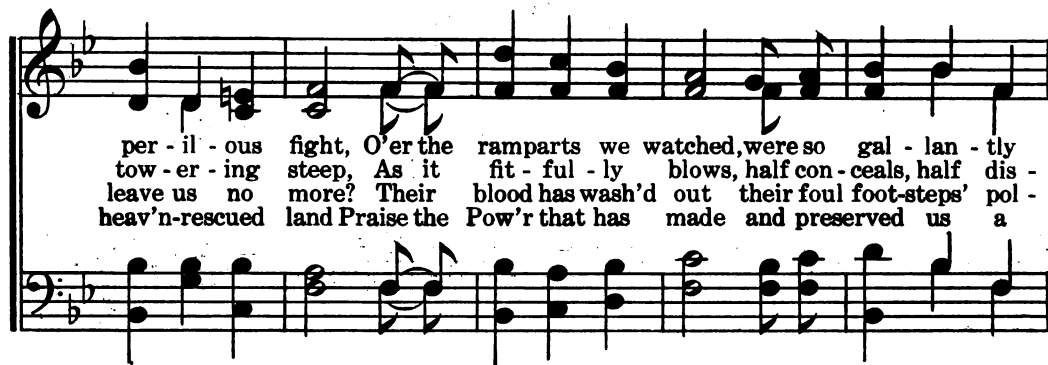
John Stafford Smith




1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light What so proud-ly we
 2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
 3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore That the hav-oc of
 4. Oh, thus be it e'er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their lov'd





hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the
 host in dread si-lence re - pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
 war and the bat-tle's con - fu-sion, A home and a country should
 homes and the war's des-o-la-tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the




per-il-ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal-lan-ty
 tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-
 leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pol-
 heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that has made and preserved us a




streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
 clos-es? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-
 lu-tion. No — refuge could save the — hireling and slave From the terror of
 na-tion! Then conquer we must when our cause it is just; And — this be our

night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-span-gled
 flec-ted now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner, oh
 flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-span-gled ban-ner in
 mot-to: "In — God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban-ner in



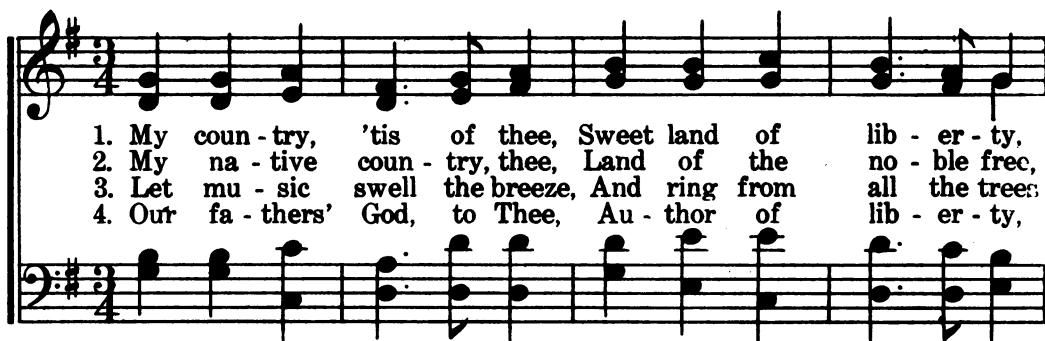

ban-ner yet wave O'er the land — of the free and the home of the brave?
 long may it wave O'er the land — of the free and the home of the brave!
 tri-umph doth wave O'er the land — of the free and the home of the brave!
 tri-umph shall wave O'er the land — of the free and the home of the brave!



America

Samuel F. Smith

Henry Carey



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet Freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With Freedom's



Pilgrims' pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

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